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THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY HOUR OF STORY AND SONG

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THE

CHILDREN'S SUNDAY HOUR

OF

STORY AND SONG

SARA BULLARD MOFFATT
JULIA A. HIDDEN

BOSTON
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION
1912

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FOREWORD

IT gives me pleasure to write a short Foreword to THE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY HOUR OF STORY AND SONG.

During the years 1909-10 and 1910-11 it was my pleasure to assist Miss Hidden in conducting a Sunday Kindergarten. Though the stories and songs for the book were not then completed, we used the general outline of the work with pleasure and success. The idea of God's love and care, followed throughout the seasons, illustrated by stories from the Bible, was carried through systematically, and the children grasped it and were interested in recognizing and illustrating it in their own lives.

The stories proved interesting and helpful to the children, told in the simple, natural way, with the essential local color, and sympathy with the child's view-point, while Miss Hidden's music was always easily sung, and sung with spirit, by the children.

It seems to me that the book meets a widely felt need, since it is comprehensive, attractive to children, yet distinctively religious.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

PREFACE

In offering The Children's Sunday Hour of Story and Song, a few words of explanation may, perhaps, be fitting.

The Order of Service is planned for use during the entire year, with a Bible Selection, and two new songs for each month, which will be found as required. It may be followed by the Primary Department as well as by the Kindergarten.

The Nature Talk is a short, informal talk, the topic for which changes each month. No Nature Story is suggested, as experience has shown that two stories in one hour are undesirable.

The Bible Selections are correlated with the Nature Talks and may be learned in full or in part.

Time should be allowed always for the singing of songs chosen by the children, thus giving opportunity for gaining familiarity with the songs introduced throughout the year.

The songs, with one exception (The Greeting Song), were written for this program, carrying out in thought and order the subjects for the nine months.

Miss Hidden's musical ability and her long experience with little children has given her a keen insight into their needs, which makes this part of the work exceptionally attractive. While at first glance the songs may appear difficult, they will be readily learned, and will give the children something worth while to carry down the years.

The stories have been carefully chosen to emphasize the lesson desired for each month, and are given in full, as the writer would tell them to little children. Five stories are given under each subject, that the program may be complete for all years; but one may be omitted at any time without breaking the continuity.

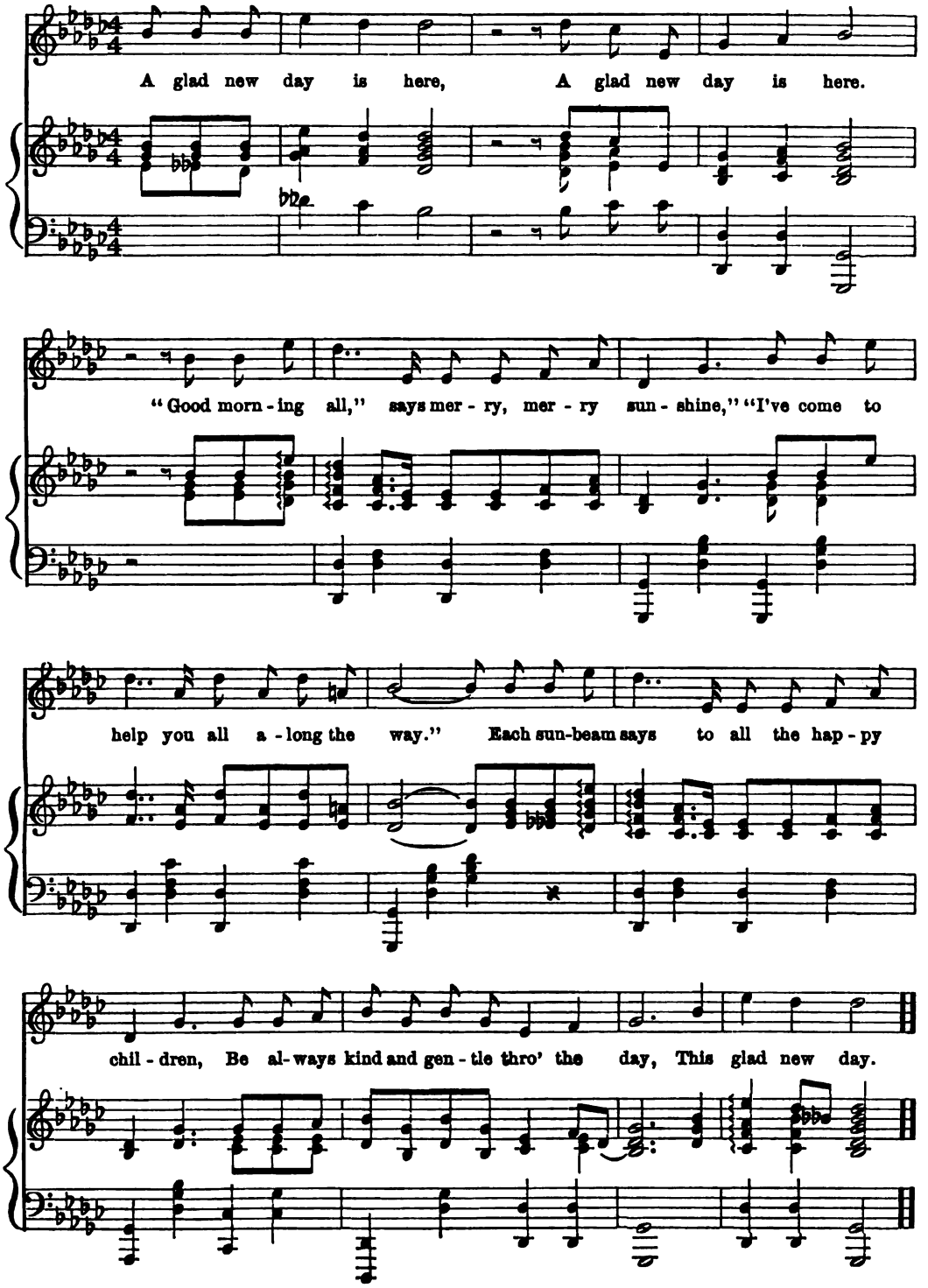
Pictures to accompany the stories may be found at Wilde's, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., and at The Perry Pictures Co., Malden, Mass.

The book is the result of more than ten years' work with little children in the Sunday School. It is hoped that it may help to fill the long felt need, which has been expressed by many, for music and story under one cover.

Grateful acknowledgment is given to Milton Bradley Co. for the use of The Greeting Song from "The Garden Game and Other Songs," "How the Bread Came to the Children," from the "Kindergarten Review," and "The Search for the Good Child," from "Mother Stories;" also to The Globe School Book Co. for "Who Loves Best," from "Little Folk-Tales."

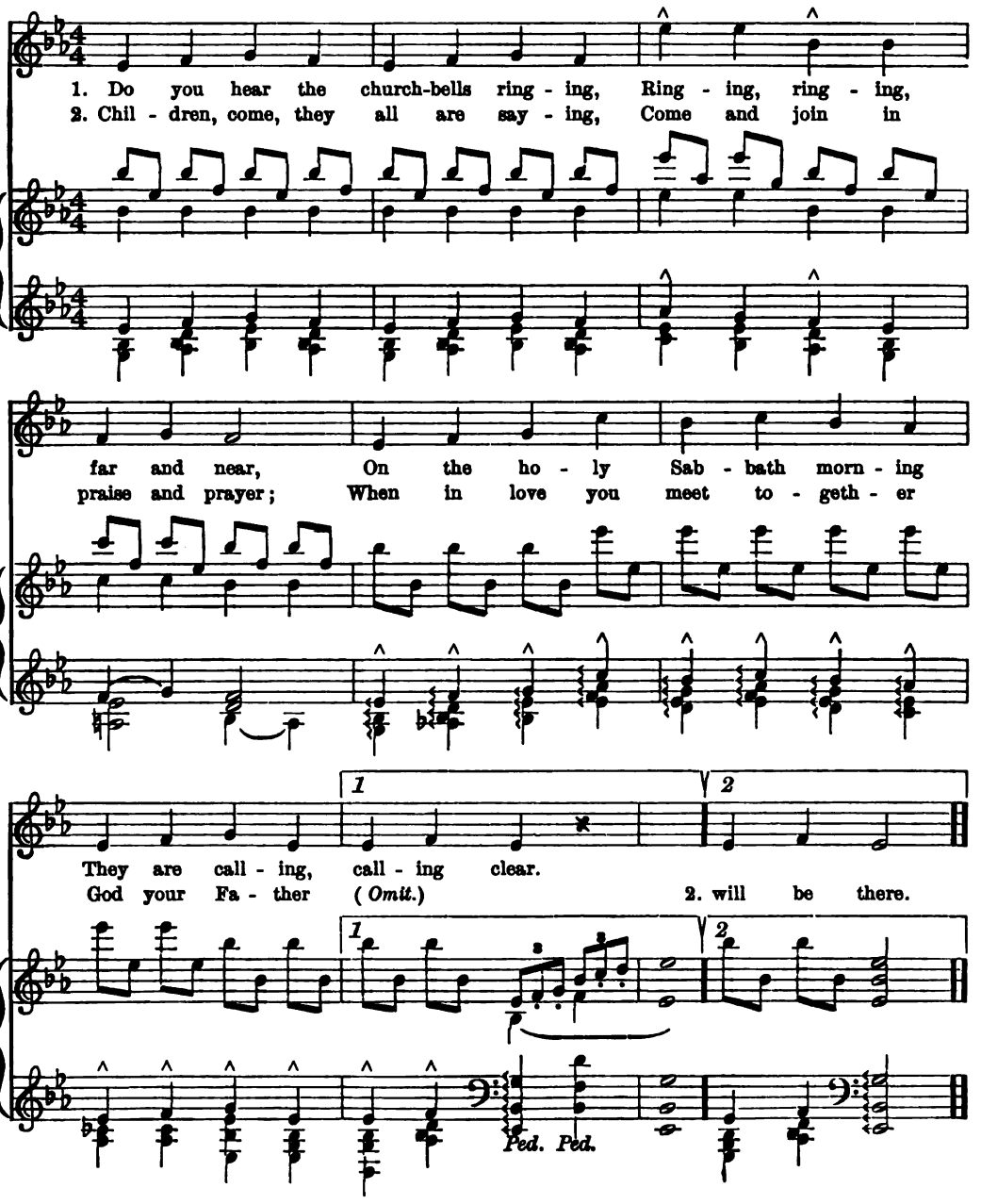
SARA BULLARD MOFFATT.

ORDER OF SERVICE

GREETING SONG

A glad new day is here, A glad new day is here.
"Good morn - ing all," says mer - ry, mer - ry sun - shine," "I've come to
help you all a - long the way." Each sun-beam says to all the hap - py
chil - dren, Be al - ways kind and gen - tle thro' the day, This glad new day.

BIBLE SELECTION (To be recited in concert)

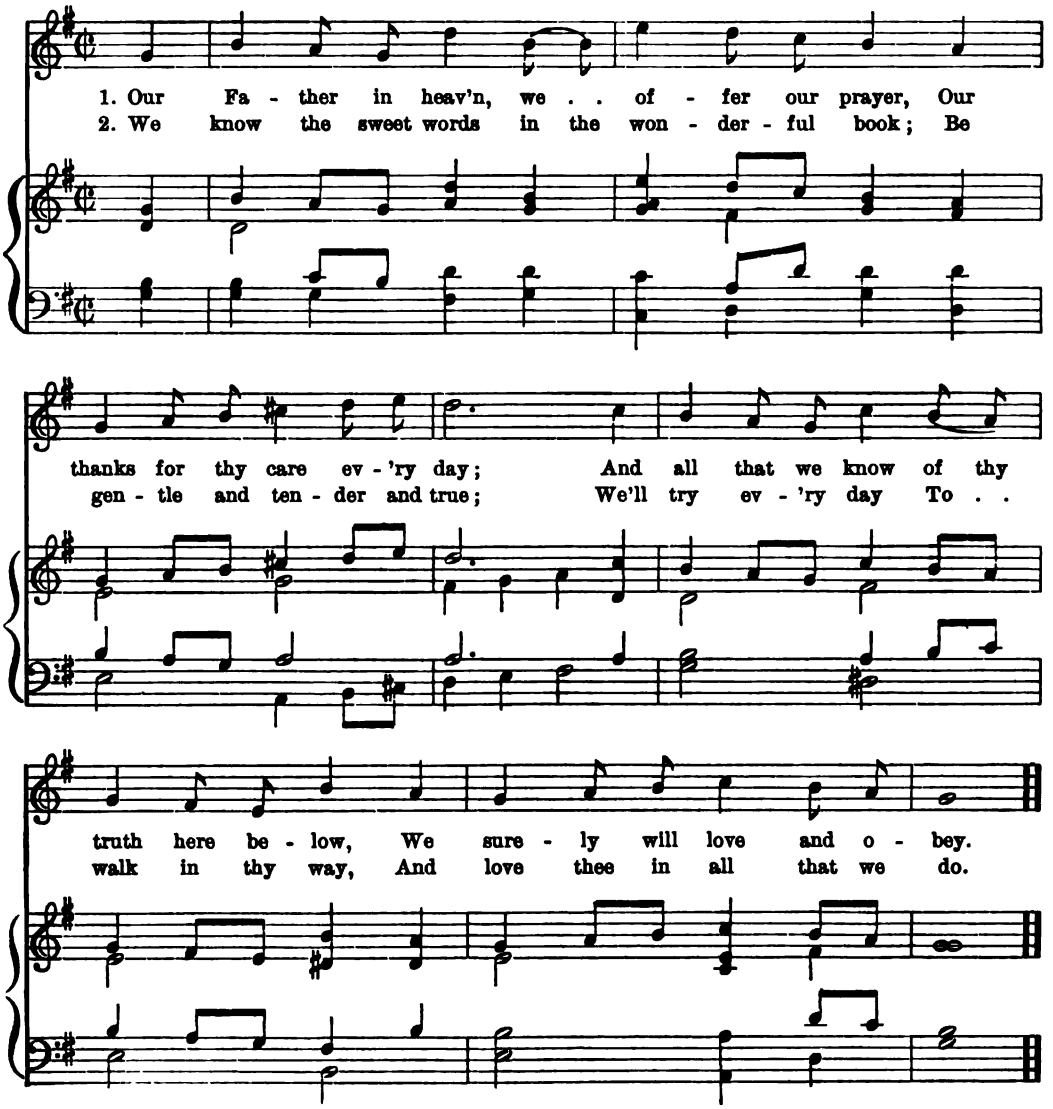
THE CHURCH BELLS

CELIA STANDISH

1. Do you hear the church-bells ring - ing, Ring - ing, ring - ing,
2. Chil - dren, come, they all are say - ing, Come and join in
far and near, On the ho - ly Sab - bath morn - ing
praise and prayer; When in love you meet to - geth - er
1
2
They are call - ing, call - ing clear.
God your Fa - ther (Omit.) 2. will be there.
Ped. Ped.

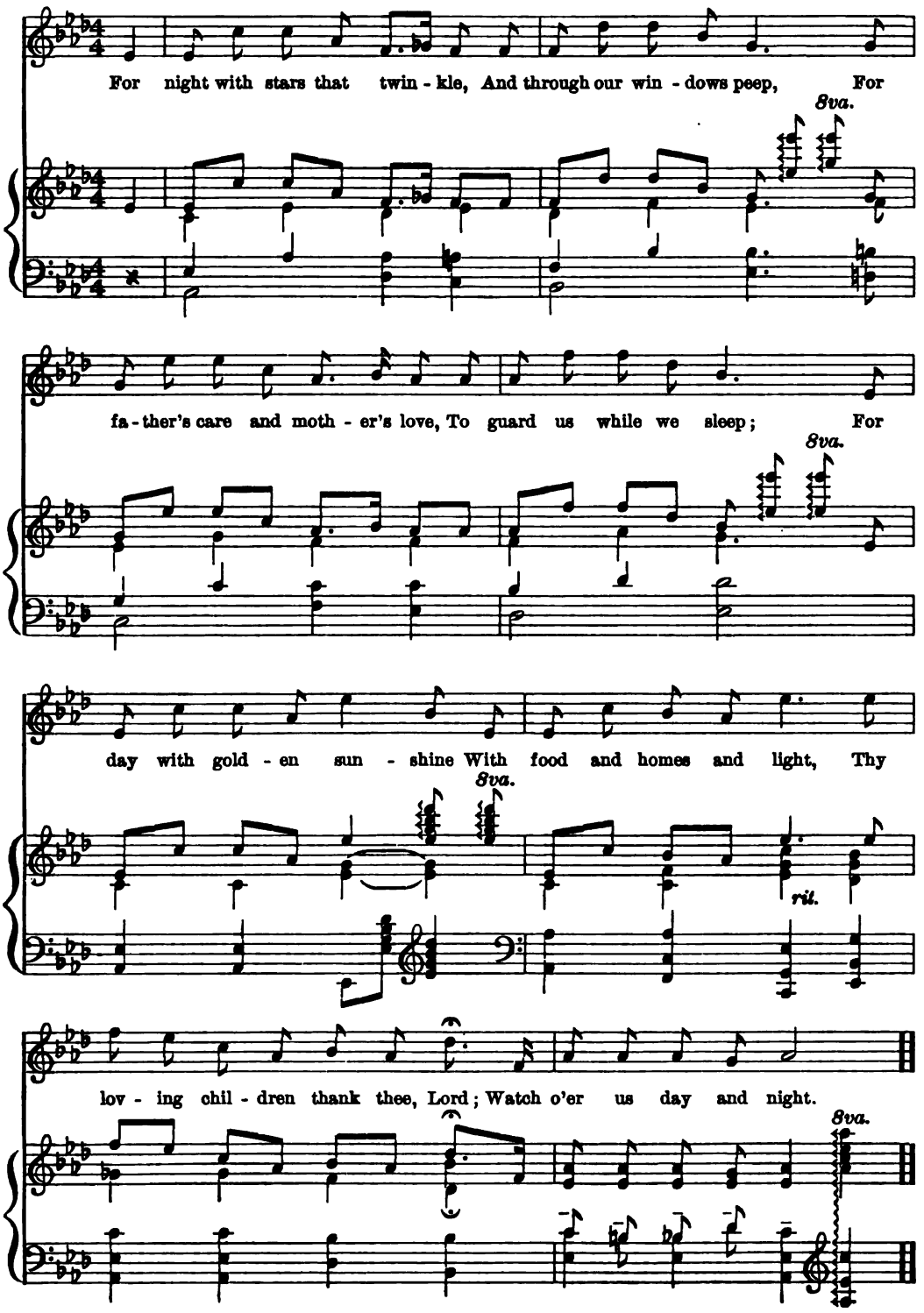
(If the kindergarten session is held during the church hour it is desirable to introduce this song; otherwise it may very properly be omitted.)

PRAYER (A simple verse prayer, or the Lord's Prayer)

RESPONSE

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT

1. Our Fa - ther in heav'n, we . . of - fer our prayer, Our
2. We know the sweet words in the won - der - ful book; Be
thanks for thy care ev - 'ry day; And all that we know of thy
gen - tle and ten - der and true; We'll try ev - 'ry day To . .
truth here be - low, We sure - ly will love and o - bey.
walk in thy way, And love thee in all that we do.

HYMN

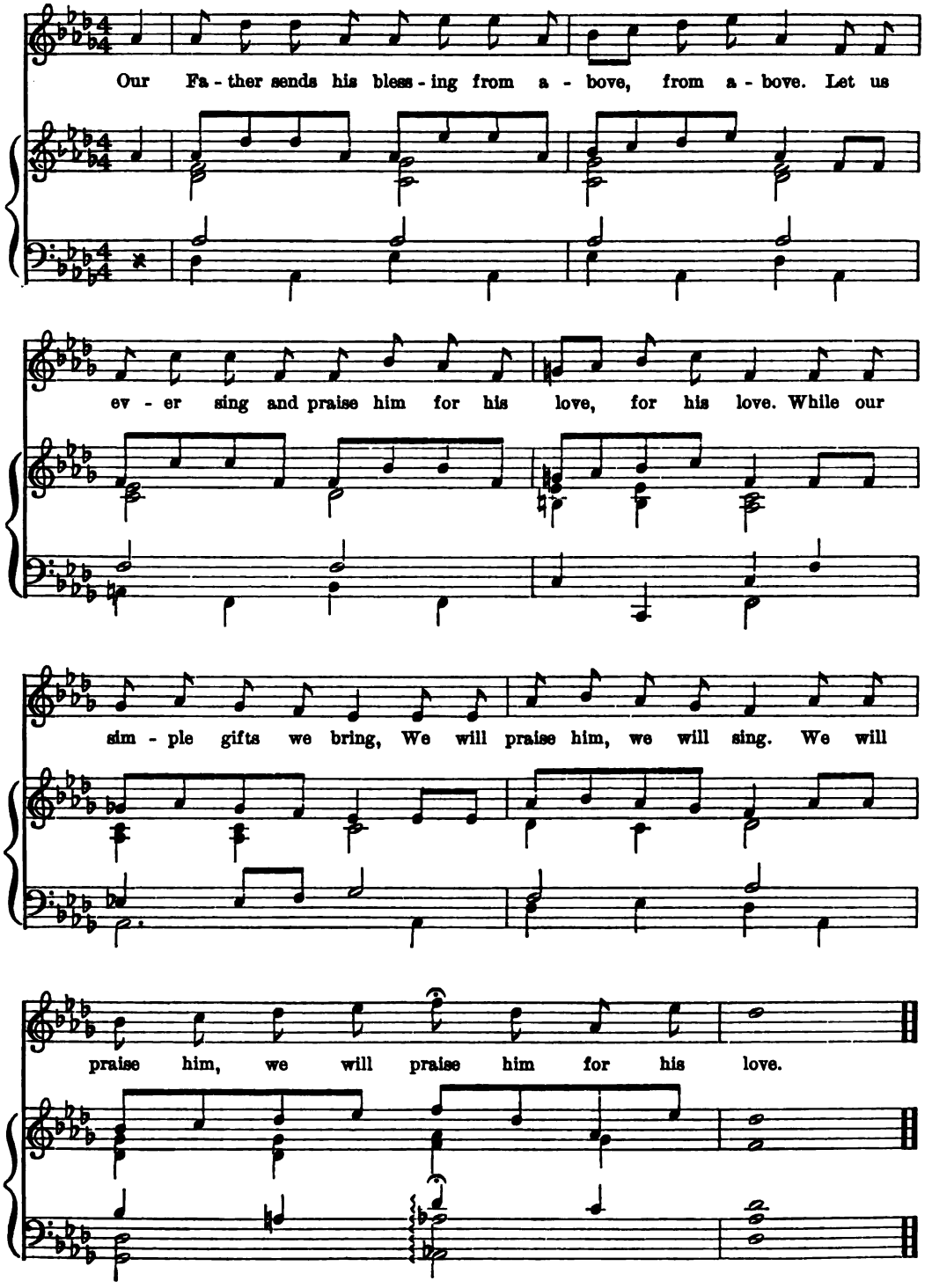
ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT

For night with stars that twin - kle, And through our win - dows peep, For
8va.
fa - ther's care and moth - er's love, To guard us while we sleep; For
8va.
day with gold - en sun - shine With food and homes and light, Thy
8va.
rit.
lov - ing chil - dren thank thee, Lord; Watch o'er us day and night.
8va.

NATURE TALK

NATURE SONG

COLLECTION

MARCHING SONG

(FOR THE COLLECTION)

Our Fa - ther sends his bless - ing from a - bove, from a - bove. Let us
ev - er sing and praise him for his love, for his love. While our
sim - ple gifts we bring, We will praise him, we will sing. We will
praise him, we will praise him for his love.

COLLECTION PRAYER

FATHER, BLESS OUR GIFTS!

Father, follow every penny
As it wanders on its way;
May it carry joy to many
Who are sick and cannot play.

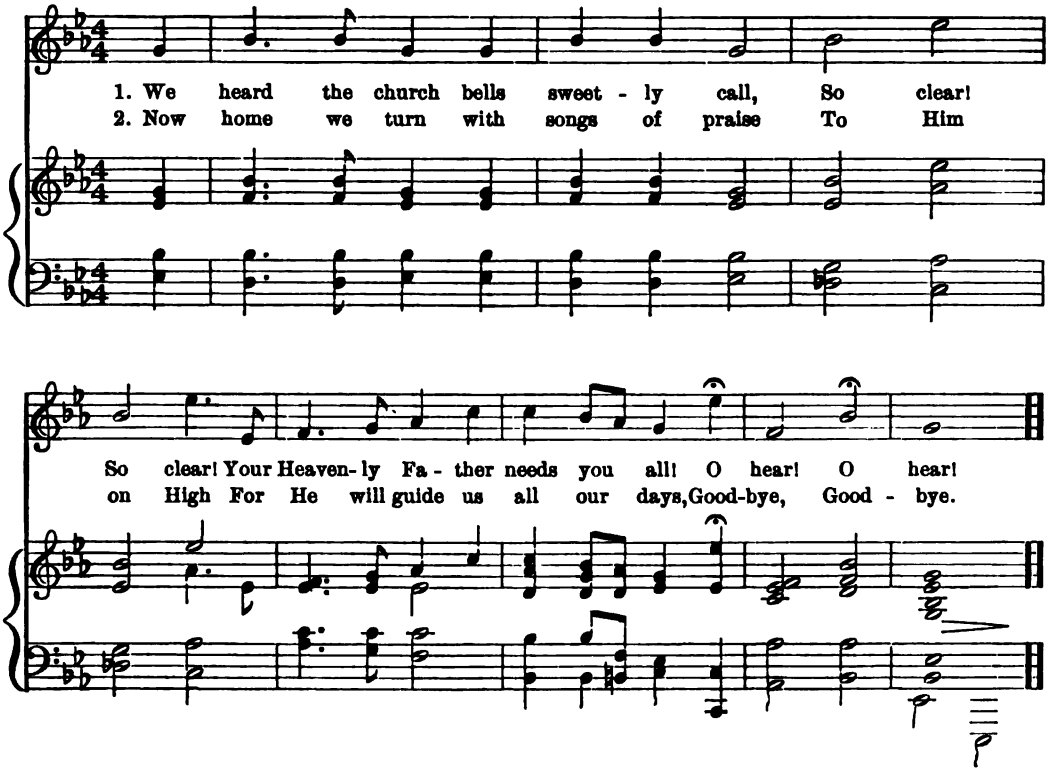
Father, there are children living
Without food or homes or care;
We would help them by our giving;
Hear, dear Lord, this simple prayer.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

LESSON STORY

LESSON HYMN

PARTING SONG


1. We heard the church bells sweet - ly call, So clear!
2. Now home we turn with songs of praise To Him
So clear! Your Heaven- ly Fa - ther needs you all! O hear! O hear!
on High For He will guide us all our days, Good-bye, Good - bye.

BENEDICTION

Now may the Lord watch between thee and me while we are absent one from another.

OCTOBER

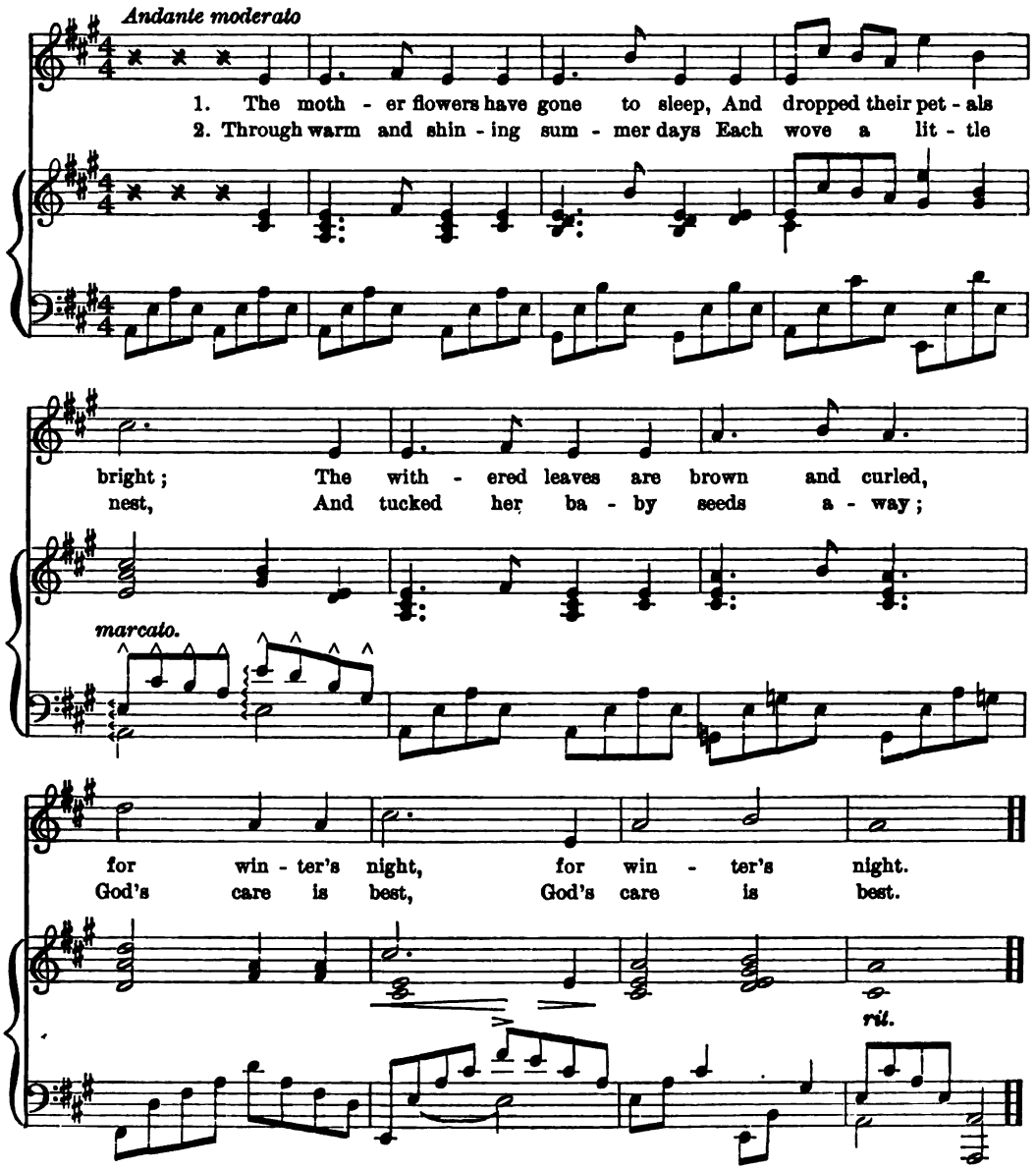
GOD'S CARE

BIBLE VERSE. — God careth for you. — I. Peter 5 : 7.

LESSONS. — 1. God's Care over Noah.
2. God's Care over Hagar and Ishmael.
3. God's Care over the Baby Moses.
4. The Hebrews Crossing the Red Sea.
5. The Bread in the Wilderness.

BIBLE SELECTION. — From the Psalms.
This is the day the Lord hath made.
We will rejoice and be glad in it.
I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.

NATURE TALK. — Seed-pods, falling leaves, birds flying South. (God's care shown in all these manifestations of nature.)

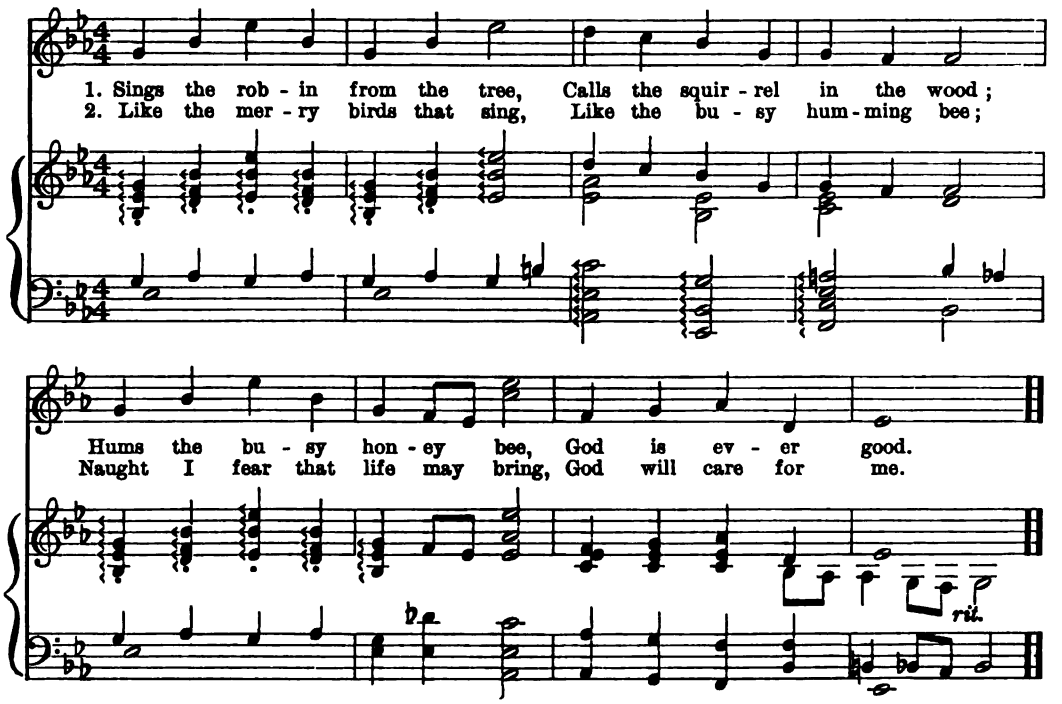
OCTOBER

Andante moderato
1. The moth - er flowers have gone to sleep, And dropped their pet - als
2. Through warm and shin - ing sum - mer days Each wove a lit - tle
bright; The with - ered leaves are brown and curled,
nest, And tucked her ba - by seeds a - way;
marcato.
for win - ter's night, for win - ter's night.
God's care is best, God's care is best.
rit.

SEED-PODS

The mother flowers have gone to sleep,
And dropped their petals bright.
The withered leaves are brown and curled,
For winter's night.

Through warm and shining summer days,
Each wove a little nest,
And tucked her baby seeds away
God's care is best.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

HYMN

1. Sings the rob - in from the tree, Calls the squir - rel in the wood;
2. Like the mer - ry birds that sing, Like the bu - sy hum - ming bee;
Hums the bu - sy hon - ey bee, God is ev - er good.
Naught I fear that life may bring, God will care for me.
rit.

Sings the robin from the tree,
  Calls the squirrel in the wood;
Hums the busy honey bee,
  "God is ever good!"

Like the merry birds that sing,
  Like the busy humming bee;
Naught I fear that life may bring,
  God will care for me.

CELIA STANDISH.

I

GOD'S CARE OVER NOAH

Genesis 6, 7, 8, 9

Let us look out of the window, and you may tell me what you can see. Yes; trees, grass, blue sky, clouds, etc. What comes from the clouds? Do we like to have the rain come? How does it help? Did you ever know it to rain for several days, — for so long that there were great puddles in the streets and little children had to put on rubber boots?

In the Bible there is a story which tells of rain falling for many, many days; for so long that the trees and houses, even the hills, were covered with water. When so much rain as that falls, we call it a flood.

My story is about a man named Noah. He lived in a beautiful country, where there were hills, and trees, and birds, and flowers. Noah did not live alone, for he had a loving wife and three sons, Shem and Ham and Japheth, and each of these sons had a wife, too. There were many kinds of animals in this country where Noah lived, and Noah had some of them to take care of.

Noah was a good man; he was kind to every one, to his family and neighbors, and to his animals; and he loved God and tried to do what he knew was right. He knew that God had made the beautiful earth on which he lived, and had given him the bright sunshine, the animals, and everything that was about him.

Noah thought about God so much that sometimes it seemed as if he could hear God speak to him.

One day Noah heard God say to him that it was going to rain for many, many days and nights, — for so long that the trees and tents, in which the people lived then, and even the hills, would be covered with water. God told Noah to build a boat, which should be like a great house, and for him and his wife, and his sons and their wives, to go into it, with two of every kind of animal.

Noah began at once. He brought beams and boards, and he and his sons set to work. The boat had a big door in the side, and all around, near the top, was a row of windows. Inside, the cracks were tightly filled with pitch to keep the water out.

The people who lived near Noah asked what he was doing. When he told them, they said, "A boat is of no use on dry land." Then Noah told them that there was going to be a flood, and that God had told him to build a boat. They only laughed and thought Noah very foolish.

At last the day came when the boat was finished. Early that morning the animals from far and near began to come: lions and bears, sheep and oxen, cats and dogs, elephants and camels, doves and robins. Every kind of animal and bird you can think of; two by two they jumped, and crawled, and hopped, and flew into the Ark, — for so the boat was called. When they were all in, Noah and his wife, and Shem and Ham and Japheth with their wives, went in after them, and the door was shut.

Then the rain began. It rained all day and all night, and for many days and nights. Still it rained, and it filled the fields and roads and crept into the tents, and inch by inch covered more and more until even the roofs were hidden. By and by nothing was to be seen in all the earth but the Ark floating on the flood. When Noah looked out of the window of the Ark, he could see nothing but a wide waste of waters. And still it rained and rained.

At last, after many days, nobody knows how long, the rain ceased, and then the flood began to go down. One day there was a grinding noise, as if the Ark had touched the ground. Noah looked out, and behold, the Ark was resting on the top of a mountain, which was like a little island in a deep sea. By and by Noah sent out a dove, and the dove flew here and there, but she found no rest for the sole of her foot, so she came back to the Ark.

Again, after some time, Noah sent the dove, and this time she returned to the Ark with a leaf plucked from an olive tree in her bill. Noah knew then that the water had gone down below the tree-tops. Once more Noah sent forth the dove, and this time she did not return, for she found a place to build a nest.

Then Noah opened wide the door of the Ark, and the world was green and fresh and shining in the sun. There on the top of the mountain, which is called Ararat, Noah and his family thanked God for His care over them, and all the birds and beasts, each in his own way, thanked Him, too. Across the sky was a gleaming rainbow, from one hill to another, over the glistening earth.

And God said to Noah: " Behold the bow! It is my promise that I will never again destroy the earth. When the rain falls, and men begin to be afraid, then shall the sun break through the clouds, and the bow shall be painted in the sky."

Then Noah and his wife, and Shem and Ham and Japheth and their wives, and all the animals went out of the Ark, and life began anew all over the earth.

II

GOD'S CARE OVER HAGAR AND ISHMAEL

Genesis 21

Did you ever go on a journey? Was it a long journey? Did you get very tired? Let the children tell their experiences.

Once upon a time a little boy named Ishmael lived with his mother, Hagar, in the tents of his father, Abraham.

Hagar was only a servant in the household, but she was beloved by Abraham, and lived as one of the family. Ishmael, too, was loved and petted by every one.

One day a little baby was born to Abraham and his wife, Sarah, and there was great rejoicing. They were so happy about the little son, Isaac, that they quite forgot Ishmael. This made him very cross, for before he had had all the attention. He began to be very disagreeable, and sulked, and teased the new baby, and mocked him when he cried.

Things grew worse and worse, until by and by, when Isaac was about two years old, Abraham and Sarah gave a feast, to tell all the people how glad they were that Isaac was growing into a fine, strong boy. Ishmael was at the feast with his mother, Hagar, and he was so cross, and so rude, that Sarah told Abraham the child would have to go away.

Abraham was sorry to send Hagar away with Ishmael, but he saw that the two children would never be happy together. God had told Abraham that He would watch over Hagar and Ishmael when they were gone away, and that no harm should befall them.

So early in the morning Abraham gave Hagar bread and a bottle of water, and they left the tents of Abraham.

They wandered about in the lonely desert, and the sun grew hotter and hotter. By and by when the bread and the water were gone, Ishmael began to cry. Then Hagar laid him under a small tree, and she went a little way off and wept.

But God was watching over them, and God spoke to Hagar, and told her to take Ishmael in her arms and go on. Then God made her eyes see a well of water, and she filled the bottle with water and gave some to Ishmael.

God guided Hagar and Ishmael, and Ishmael grew to be a fine, strong lad. He learned to care for his mother, and when he became a man, he was the leader of the people of the desert.

III

GOD'S CARE OVER THE BABY MOSES

Exodus 2: 1-10

How many have a baby at home?
Who takes care of him?
What does Mother do for him?
Can you help?

Once upon a time, in a country far away, there lived a father and mother. They had a daughter named Miriam, and a little son named Aaron. By and by God sent a dear little baby into that home for the father and mother to love and to care for. How happy that family was! Miriam and Aaron would watch their mother when she was rocking the baby to sleep, and they tried in every way to help her in her care of him.

But the king, Pharaoh, who ruled over that country, was not pleased when little Hebrew boys were born, and he had ordered his soldiers to throw them into the river.

All the mothers were very sad at this news, and this mother hid her baby in the house, and Miriam did not tell about him when she went to play, nor did the father when he went to his work.

The baby's mother watched him grow bigger and stronger every day, and soon she knew that she could hide him in the house no longer. She asked God to help her to think of some way to save her baby boy.

One day she sent Miriam to the river-bank to gather some of the bulrushes, tall grasses that grew there; from these she wove a basket large enough to hold the baby. She covered it all over with pitch so no water could get into it, and when it was done she lined it with something warm and soft, and laid her baby in it. She and Miriam carried it to the river and hid it among the bulrushes, then, telling Miriam to stay near by, she went home. Miriam stayed close to the baby's cradle boat for a long time, and by and by he went to sleep. Miriam gathered some flowers, and listened to the birds and amused herself, but she kept close watch of her baby brother.

Late in the day she heard voices, and saw, not far off, the princess, the daughter of the king, coming to the river to bathe. She had her maids with her, and they came close to the place where the baby lay in his basket.

Miriam kept very quiet among the bulrushes and watched. The princess saw the basket, and when her maids carried it to her, she said, "This is one of the Hebrew babies whom some mother has hidden from the soldiers."

Just then the baby opened his eyes and began to cry, and the princess said, "I will take care of him; no harm shall come to him."

When Miriam heard this, she ran to the princess and said, "Shall I find a nurse to take care of the baby for you?" The princess said "Go." Miriam hastened, and brought back the best nurse in all the world for that baby, — his own mother.

The princess told her to take the baby home, and care for him well, and she said, "His name shall be called Moses, which means 'taken out,' for have I not drawn him out of the water."

Such a happy family there was that night, for the mother no longer had any need to hide her baby, and she knew he would be safe.

And they thanked God for watching over their baby boy and giving him safely back to them.

IV

THE HEBREWS CROSSING THE RED SEA

Exodus 14

Do you remember the story about the baby Moses? Let us find the picture and tell the story again.

When Moses had grown older, he went to live in the king's household, but he never forgot that he was a Hebrew. Now the king was very unkind to the Hebrews, and they had to work very hard making bricks. Each day they grew more and more unhappy.

Moses saw the suffering of his people, and he longed to help them. One day Moses was away from Egypt tending sheep. He had thought so much about his people that it seemed now as if God spoke to him. He heard God say: "Go, and lead the people out of Egypt to a land which shall be theirs. Go, and I will be with you."

Moses obeyed. He went to the king, Pharaoh, and begged him to let the people go to the new land.

After a long, long time the king said they might go, and by night they started. There were many people, old men and women, young men and women, and boys and girls; little babies, too, were carried by their fathers and mothers, and they were all glad to leave the country where they had been so unhappy.

All night and all the next day they traveled, and God showed them the way, for by night in the sky there was a bright light, and by day there was a dark cloud.

When they came to the shore of the Red Sea, they pitched their tents.

Now when King Pharaoh found that so many of the people who did his hard work had gone, he sent his soldiers after them to bring them back.

When the people saw the soldiers coming, they called upon Moses to help them. They did not want to go back. Then God spoke to Moses and said, "Stretch out thine hand over the waters," and Moses obeyed. Then God sent a strong east wind, and the waters parted and rolled back, leaving a dry path across the sea. And Moses and his people went safely over.

The king's soldiers, in their chariots, began to follow, but the waters swept back again, and Moses and his people were safe on the other shore.

Then Miriam and the other women sang a song of praise and thanksgiving to God for His care over them.

The men joined in the song, too, and the boys and girls, and the air was filled with music.

V

THE BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS

Exodus 16, 17: 1-7

Were you ever hungry? Where did you go for something to eat? Were you ever thirsty? Where did you go for some water? To-day my story is about many people who were both hungry and thirsty, and about the way in which God gave them food and water.

These were the same people who had safely crossed the Red Sea, and Moses was still their leader. He led them into the wilderness, where few people had been before, and where the soil was dry, and there was very little growing.

You remember they had left their homes, and were seeking for a new land in which to live, but it was a long, long way, and now their food was gone.

They complained to Moses, and said, "Would that we had stayed in Egypt, where we at least had food; you have led us into a wilderness, and we shall die of hunger."

But God was watching over them even now, and He spoke to Moses and said, "I will rain bread from heaven for you; the people shall gather enough each morning for that day, and on the sixth day they shall gather for two days, so that they may rest on the Sabbath day."

In the evening the people saw a flock of quail near by, and caught them for food. And they said, "Surely God has sent them." In the morning the ground was covered with small white seeds, like frost. Each one gathered a portion for that day, and they found the seeds were good. Each evening God sent the quail, and each morning the "manna," for so the seeds were called. On the sixth day there was enough for two days, but on the Sabbath day none fell.

After a time the people started on again toward the new land. They came to a place where the ground was rocky and dry. There was no water, and they were very thirsty. Again they complained to Moses and said, "Give us water that we may drink." Moses asked God to help him, and God said, "Pass on before the people, taking a few with you, and with thy rod smite the rock, and there shall water flow from it." Moses obeyed, and water gushed forth from the rock.

Then the people knew again that God was watching over them, and once more they thanked Him for His care.

NOVEMBER

THANKSGIVING

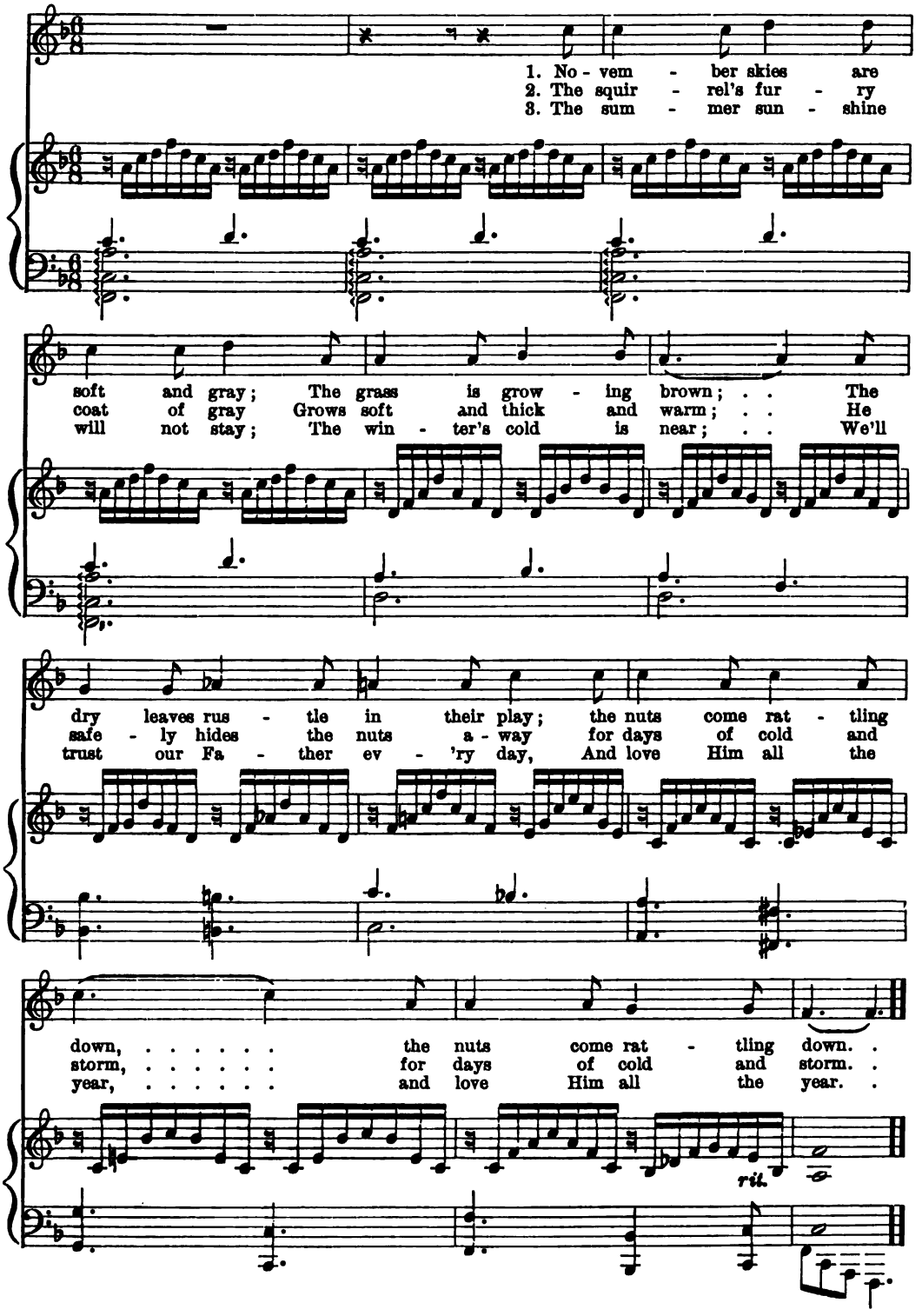
BIBLE VERSE. — I will give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart.— Psalm 9: 1.

LESSONS. — 1. How the Bread Came to the Children.
2. The Children's Winter Clothes.
3. The First Thanksgiving.
4. Our Thanksgiving.
5. Summing Up. The Best Way of Saying Thank You.

BIBLE SELECTION. — Psalm 100.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness.
Come before His presence with singing.
Know ye that the Lord He is God.
It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.
We are His people and the sheep of His pasture.
Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.
And into His courts with praise.
Be thankful unto Him and bless His name.
For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting.
And His truth endureth to all generations.

NATURE TALK. — Shortening days, gray days, bare trees. Preparation for winter.

NOVEMBER

1. No - vem - ber skies are
2. The squir - rel's fur - ry
3. The sum - mer sun - shine
soft and gray; The grass is grow - ing brown; . . The
coat of gray Grows soft and thick and warm; . . He
will not stay; The win - ter's cold is near; . . We'll
dry leaves rus - tle in their play; the nuts come rat - tling
safe - ly hides the nuts a - way for days of cold and
trust our Fa - ther ev - 'ry day, And love Him all the
down, ... the nuts come rat - tling down. .
storm, ... for days of cold and storm. .
year, ... and love Him all the year. .
rit.

NOVEMBER

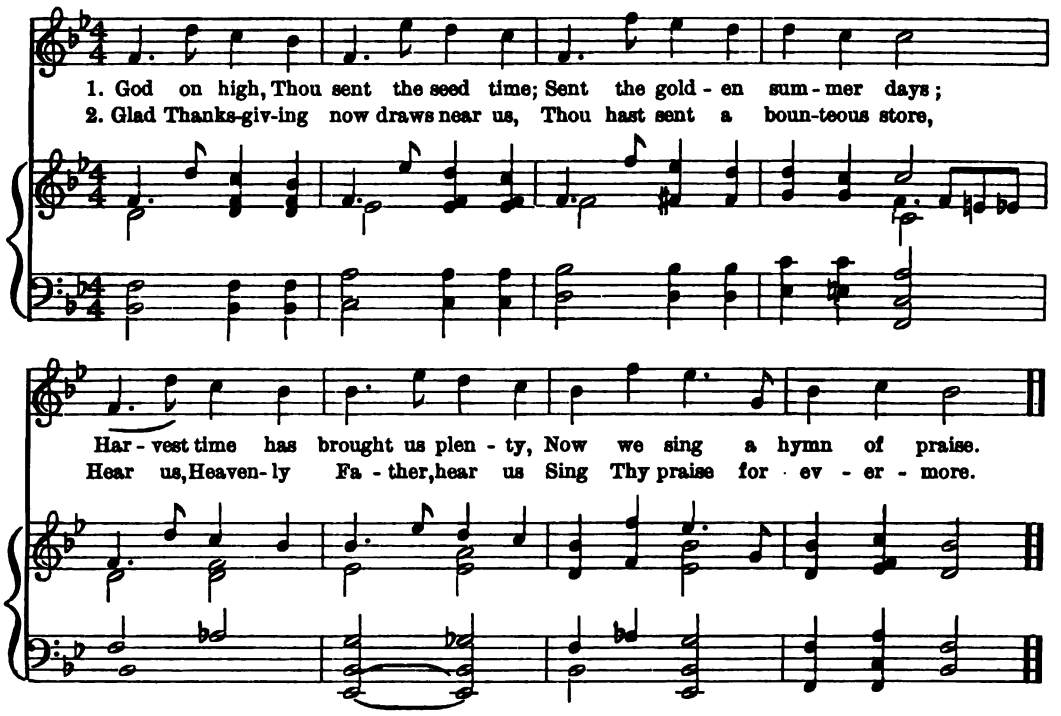
November skies are soft and gray
The grass is growing brown;
The dry leaves rustle in their play;
The nuts come rattling down.

The squirrel's furry coat of gray
Grows soft and thick and warm;
He safely hides the nuts away
For days of cold and storm.

The summer sunshine will not stay;
The winter cold is near;
We'll trust our Father every day,
And love Him all the year.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

THANKSGIVING HYMN


1. God on high, Thou sent the seed time; Sent the gold - en sum - mer days;
2. Glad Thanks-giv-ing now draws near us, Thou hast sent a boun-teous store,
Har - vest time has brought us plen - ty, Now we sing a hymn of praise.
Hear us, Heaven-ly Fa - ther, hear us Sing Thy praise for ev - er - more.

THANKSGIVING

God on high, Thou sent the seed-time;
Sent the golden summer days;
Harvest time has brought us plenty,
Now we sing a hymn of praise!

Glad Thanksgiving now draws near us,
Thou hast sent a bounteous store,
Hear us, Heavenly Father, hear us,
Sing Thy praise forevermore.

CELIA STANDISH.

I

HOW THE BREAD CAME TO THE CHILDREN

Do you remember the story we had about the way in which many people were fed long ago? Who watched over them, and sent them food and water? Yes, God. Does God send us our food now? Yes. Shall I tell you how?

The little old man sat in his doorway. He was smiling, for he loved to watch the people passing by, and everybody was kind to him.

The plowman passed by with his shining plow and his strong, steady horses.

"Where are you going, plowman?" asked the little old man.

"To plow the ground and turn over the sod, and make ready for the sowing of the grain, so that by and by the children may have bread," answered the plowman.

Then came the man with the harrow. It had many wheels, sharp like knives.

"Where are you going, O man with the harrow?" asked the little old man.

"To break up the sod that the plowman has turned, and fit it for the sowing of the grain, so that by and by the children may have bread," answered the man with the harrow.

A man came by with a sack on his back.

"Where are you going, O man with the sack?" asked the little old man.

"To sow the seed in the moist ground, so that by and by the children may have bread," answered the man with the sack, and he scattered little yellow seeds in the fresh soil.

Then the lads came by with shining hoes. And as they walked along, they whistled merry tunes.

"Where are you going, O lads with the hoes?" asked the little old man from his doorway.

"To root out all the evil weeds that grow among the grain, so that only the grain may grow, and by and by the children may have bread," answered the lads with the hoes, and they whistled more merrily than before.

Then the long summer passed, and the dew rose from the earth at evening, and moistened the grain; the rain fell and watered it; the sun shone and warmed it; and by and by there stood a beautiful field of wheat that swayed with every soft breeze, and shone like gold in the sun. And still the little old man sat smiling in his doorway, for he had watched the growing of the grain with joy.

Then there came a great, wonderful machine with long, sharp knives like swords, and with great wooden arms, and it was called a reaper.

"Where are you going, O man with the reaper?" asked the little old man.

"To cut the ripe grain and bind it into sheaves, so that by and by the children may have bread."

Then he drove his beautiful horses into the great field, and the long, shining knives cut the grain, so that it fell in long yellow rows. Then the great wooden arms caught it up, and tossed it, and bound it in some wonderful

way with some of the shining strands into sheaves of grain, and flung the bright sheaves back to the earth.

And the farmer's big wagons came and gathered all the sheaves and carried them to the barns.

Then one day an engine came puffing along the highway, and a little crowd of men followed it.

"Where are you going with your engine, and your horses, and your machinery?" asked the little old man.

"To thresh out the wheat and separate it from the straw, so that by and by the children may have bread," answered the threshers, and they hurried on.

Then came a man with many bags of grain piled high in his wagon.

"And where are you going with all those bags of grain?" asked the little old man.

"To take the threshed wheat to mill, and have it ground into flour, so that by and by the children may have bread," answered the man.

Then came a grocer's boy from the mill with barrels of flour.

"Where are you going, O grocer's boy?" asked the little old man.

"To take the flour to the homes, so that the children may all have bread," answered the grocer's boy.

Then the cook mixed the flour, and made it into beautiful loaves, and baked it in the oven. And the dear mother cut it into thin slices, and the children came to the table to eat their bread.

But before they ate it, they folded their hands, and bowed their heads, and said this grace:

We thank Thee, Father, for the bread
That shall supply our need,
And may we live to prove our thanks
By loving word and deed.

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN.

II

THE CHILDREN'S WINTER CLOTHES

Where are all the birds with bright feathers that we saw last summer? Yes, they have gone to the South, where it is warm. Do we go away when it begins to be cold? What do we do? We put on warm clothing. Our summer clothes are made of cotton. What are our winter caps and coats and mittens made of? Who can tell where the wool comes from?

In a green pasture, high on a hillside, there was a large flock of sheep. There were big mother sheep and little baby lambs, and a good shepherd took care of them.

He led them to the places where the greenest, juiciest grass was growing, and when the sun grew hot, he found the shady places under the trees. He knew where the water in the stream was coolest and quietest, and he led them there.

The sheep and lambs loved the shepherd, and followed him wherever he went.

All through the warm summer the shepherd kept his flock out on the hillside; but by and by the days began to grow cold and then the shepherd took his flock to the sheepfold, and there he made them comfortable through the long winter.

During the winter the woolly coats of the sheep had been growing thicker and thicker, and had kept them nice and warm. But now the spring had come, with warmer days, and summer was coming, when the woolly coats would be too heavy for the sheep.

So one bright, sunny day, the shepherd led his flock once more to the stream, and there the coats were all washed clean and white.

The shepherd had talked to the sheep, and told them about the boys and girls who needed warm coats and caps and mittens for winter, and they were glad that their fleeces were so thick and soft.

When the wool was all clean and white, the shepherd and his helpers cut it off, and the sheep were cool and happy all the long, warm summer.

When winter came, with snow and frost, the children were so glad to have warm caps and coats and mittens made from the good sheep's woolly coats.

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It was autumn, too late to plant seeds, and all the cold winter they had very little food. Many of them were sick, and some of them died.

A ship was sent back to England, their home country, with letters asking the friends there to send them food and clothes, but it was such a long time before they heard, that they began to fear the ship had been lost at sea.

In the spring they planted corn and vegetables, and the Indians showed them other things that were good for food. All summer the rains came and watered the seeds, the sun shone and helped them grow, and in the autumn they gathered in the harvest.

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The big yellow flowers on the pumpkin vines fell off, too, and left small green pumpkins; while inside the corn husks the ears of corn had formed.

In the farmer's field the plants had grown tall and strong, and every day the farmer had helped them by hoeing out the weeds, and by keeping the earth soft around their roots. He knew that down under them in the ground the potatoes and beets, the carrots and turnips, were growing bigger and bigger.

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A ship was sent back to England, their home country, with letters asking the friends there to send them food and clothes, but it was such a long time before they heard, that they began to fear the ship had been lost at sea..

In the spring they planted corn and vegetables, and the Indians showed them other things that were good for food. All summer the rains came and watered the seeds, the sun shone and helped them grow, and in the autumn they gathered in the harvest.

So the long summer passed, and one day some little boys were playing on a hill near the shore, when they saw a ship sailing toward the harbor. Oh, how they hoped it was the ship from the home country! They hurried home to tell their fathers and mothers, and they all went to the harbor to watch the ship come in.

It was the ship they had looked for and longed for; there were friends on board, and there were many things to keep them comfortable all winter. They were so happy, and they knew that God had watched over them; that He had sent the rain and the sunshine, and now their friends had come or sent loving messages to them. They all thanked Him from their hearts, but they wished to thank Him all together.

So the Governor, William Bradford, set a special day apart, asking that every one should go to church to thank God for His goodness to them.

In the morning on that first Thanksgiving Day, they all obeyed the Governor and went to church, and they sang and prayed and thanked God. Then they all met together and had a real Thanksgiving dinner. They did not forget to invite some of the Indians, too, who had helped them to plant their seeds, and had done many things for them.

And now every year the Governor sets a special day apart, and he asks all the people to meet in the churches, and in their homes, to thank God for all His good gifts throughout the year.

And that is what Thanksgiving Day means — a day to give thanks to God.

IV

OUR THANKSGIVING

Lead the children to think of things for which we should be thankful. Have pictures of fruits, vegetables, animals, a house, people, as the farmer, the miller, the family; also of steamboats and railroad trains. As the various things are mentioned by the children, pin up the pictures.

It was spring, and the brown field lay hard and dry in the sunshine. One day the farmer came and plowed it, and then he went all over it again with his harrow to make the ground soft and loose. When all was ready, he planted the seeds. The sun warmed the earth, and the rain and dew fell and watered it. Soon the seeds began to grow, and before long the brown field was green and beautiful.

Out in the farmer's orchard, the apple trees, which had looked so bare and dead all winter, were putting forth green leaves, and then the pink and white blossoms began to appear. After awhile the flowers fell, and in the place where each one had been was an apple, tiny and hard and green.

The big yellow flowers on the pumpkin vines fell off, too, and left small green pumpkins; while inside the corn husks the ears of corn had formed.

In the farmer's field the plants had grown tall and strong, and every day the farmer had helped them by hoeing out the weeds, and by keeping the earth soft around their roots. He knew that down under them in the ground the potatoes and beets, the carrots and turnips, were growing bigger and bigger.

So the summer passed away, and autumn came. The apples turned red, the pumpkins turned orange, and all was ready for the harvest.

The farmer and his helpers went out to gather in the fruits and vegetables. They picked the apples, and put them into barrels. They gathered the pumpkins into great golden piles; then they loaded them on to the wagons and hauled them to the barn to stow them away for the winter. They took the husks off the corn, and carried it to the mills to be ground into yellow meal. They dug the potatoes and beets, the carrots and turnips, and put them in the cellar. Every day they worked, till all was safely stored away from the frost.

Then the leaves fell from the trees, the days grew cold, and the snow fell. Winter had come, but the farmer did not worry. He knew that there was plenty, — hay for his cows and horses, fruit and vegetables for his family. He knew, too, that there was enough to sell to the storekeeper, so that people who live in the cities would have enough.

So the farmer works, planting, caring for the plants, and gathering the harvest. Many others work, too, before the food comes to us. Men on steamboats and railroad trains, — storekeepers, Father and Mother, — while horses and oxen haul the heavy loads.

We must surely remember God, who sends the sunshine, the rain, and the dew to help everything grow, and who gives us Father and Mother and all the animals.

Sing the Lesson Hymn, and repeat the verse for the month: "I will give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart."

V

REVIEW

Recall the stories, emphasizing "God's Care," and also about Thanksgiving. Help the children to realize very fully that the best way of showing gratitude is by doing something for some one, not in mere words.

Repeat together Psalm 100.

DECEMBER

GIVING

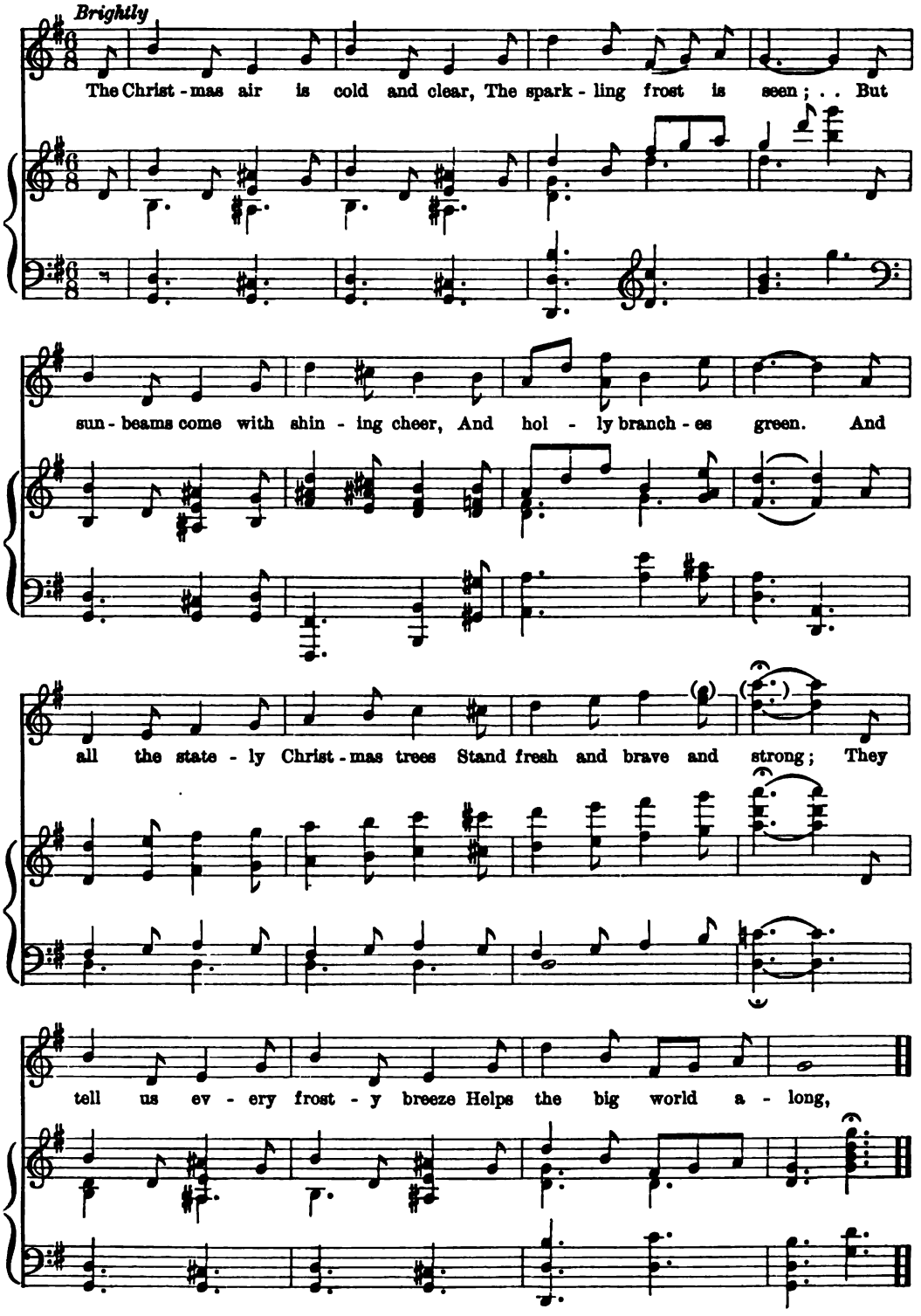
BIBLE VERSE. — It is more blessed to give than to receive. — Acts 20: 35.

LESSONS. — 1. The Hebrews Giving to God.
2. Abraham and Lot.
3. Ruth and Naomi.
4. The Christmas Story.
5. The Christmas Story (Read from the Bible).

BIBLE SELECTION. — Psalm 147: 16-19.

He giveth snow like wool;
He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.
He casteth forth His ice like morsels;
Who can stand before His cold?
He sendeth out His word, and melteth them.
He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow.

NATURE TALK. — Coming of Winter; frost; snow.

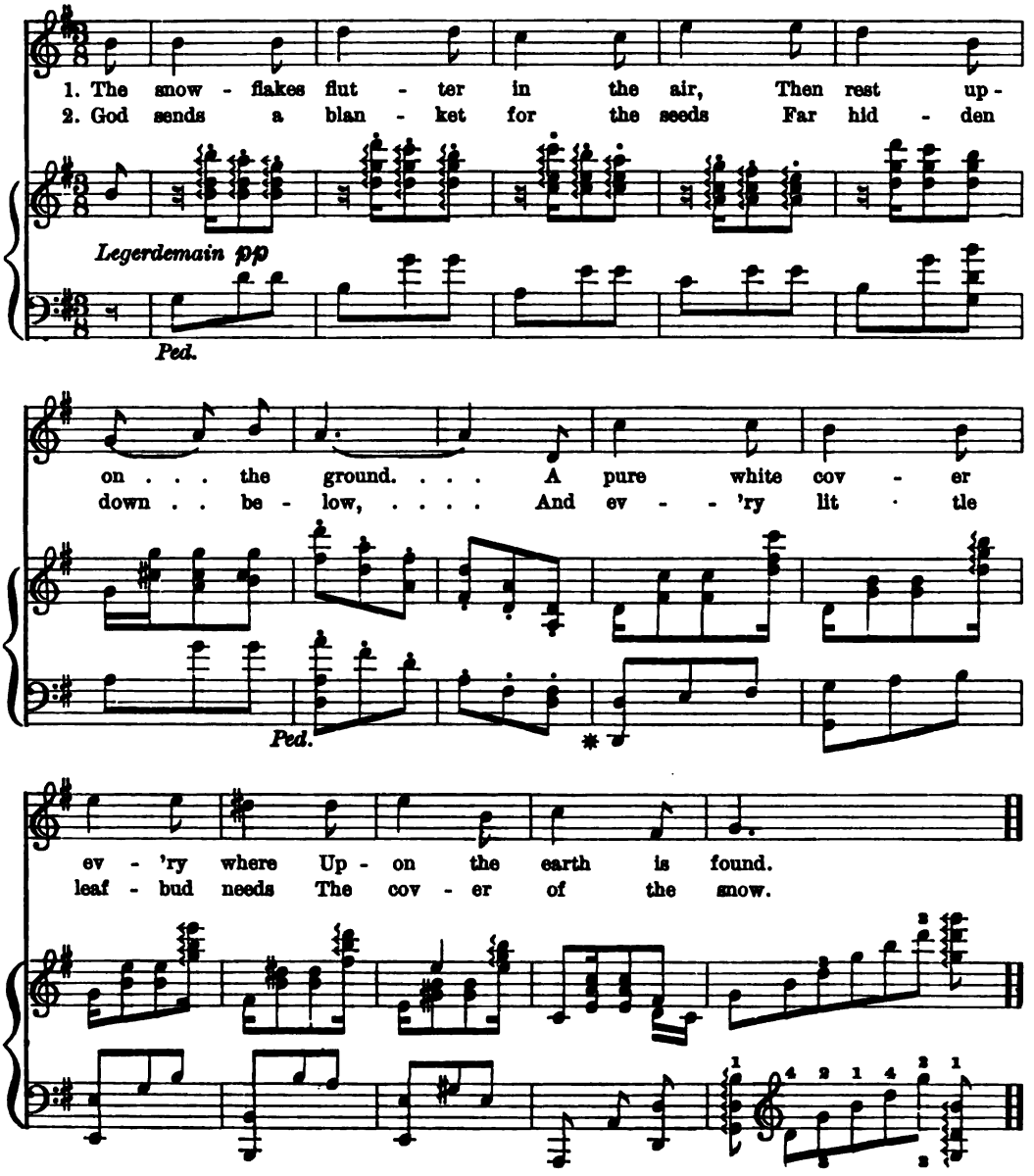
DECEMBER

Brightly
The Christ - mas air is cold and clear, The spark - ling frost is seen; . . But
sun - beams come with shin - ing cheer, And hol - ly branch - es green. And
all the state - ly Christ - mas trees Stand fresh and brave and strong; They
tell us ev - ery frost - y breeze Helps the big world a - long,

CHRISTMAS FROST

The Christmas air is cold and clear,
  The sparkling frost is seen;
But sunbeams come with shining cheer,
  And holly branches green.

And all the stately Christmas trees
  Stand fresh and brave and strong;
They tell us every frosty breeze
  Helps the big world along.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

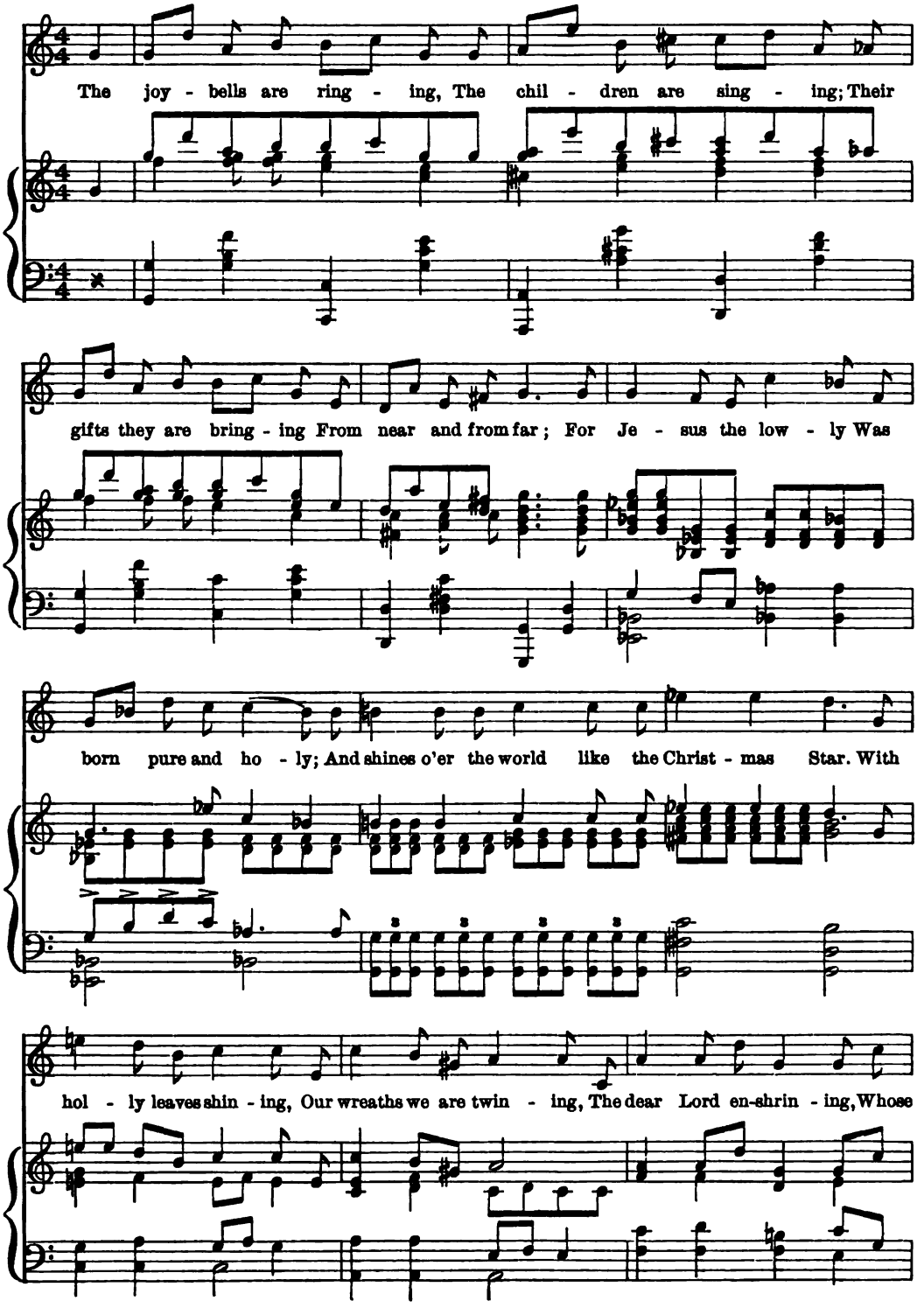
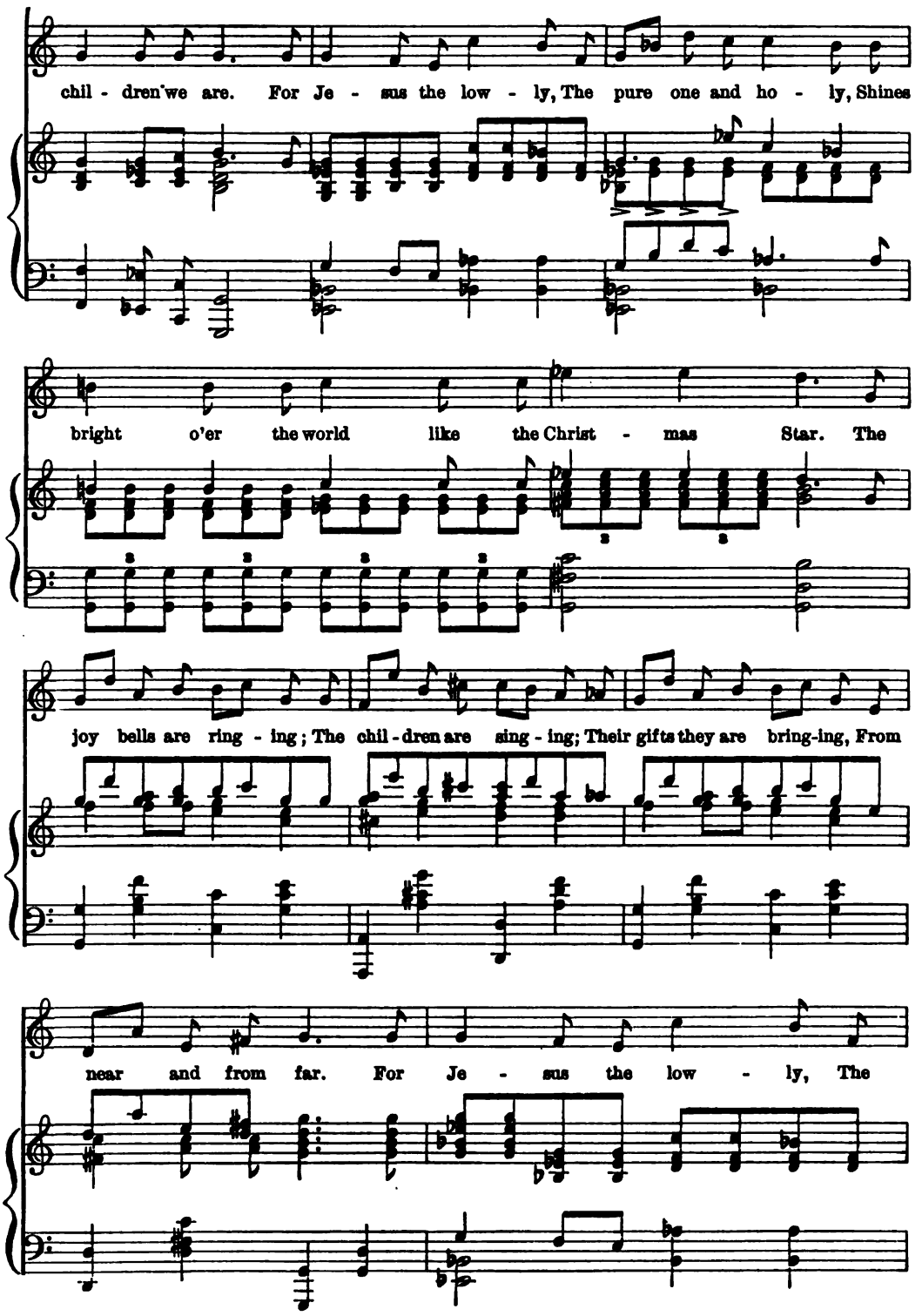
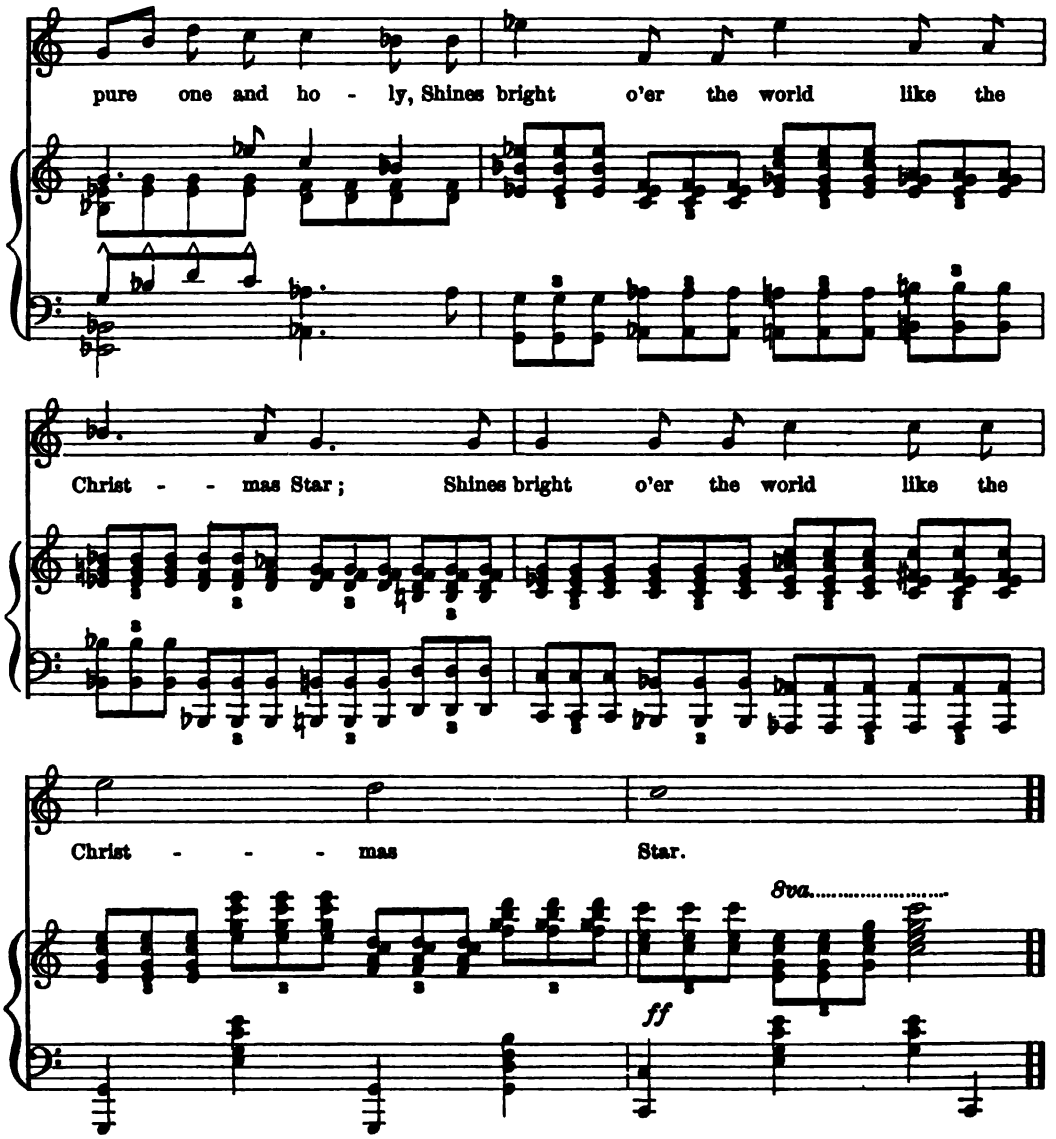
SNOW-FLAKES

1. The snow - flakes flut - ter in the air, Then rest up -
2. God sends a blan - ket for the seeds Far hid - den
Legerdemain pp
Ped.
on . . . the ground. . . . A pure white cov - er
down . . be - low, ... And ev - - 'ry lit · tle
Ped.
ev - 'ry where Up - on the earth is found.
leaf - bud needs The cov - er of the snow.

CHRISTMAS SNOW-FLAKES

The snow-flakes flutter in the air,
  Then rest upon the ground.
A pure white cover everywhere
  Upon the earth is found.

God sends a blanket for the seeds
  Far hidden down below,
And every little leaf-bud needs
  The cover of the snow.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

The joy - bells are ring - ing, The chil - dren are sing - ing; Their
gifts they are bring - ing From near and from far; For Je - sus the low - ly Was
born pure and ho - ly; And shines o'er the world like the Christ - mas Star. With
hol - ly leaves shin - ing, Our wreaths we are twin - ing, The dear Lord en-shrin - ing, Whose

chil - dren we are. For Je - sus the low - ly, The pure one and ho - ly, Shines
bright o'er the world like the Christ - mas Star. The
joy bells are ring - ing; The chil - dren are sing - ing; Their gifts they are bring-ing, From
near and from far. For Je - sus the low - ly, The

pure one and ho - ly, Shines bright o'er the world like the
Christ - - mas Star; Shines bright o'er the world like the
Christ - - - mas Star.
8va
ff

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

The joy-bells are ringing,
The children are singing;
Their gifts they are bringing
From near and from far;

For Jesus the lowly
Was born pure and holy;
And shines o'er the world
Like the Christmas Star.

With holly leaves shining,
Our wreaths we are twining,
The dear Lord enshrining,
Whose children we are.

For Jesus the lowly,
The pure one and holy,
Shines bright o'er the world
Like the Christmas Star.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

I

THE HEBREWS GIVING TO GOD

Exodus 35-40

Recall the stories of the "Hebrews Crossing the Red Sea," and "The Bread in the Wilderness." Let the children tell them so far as they can. Look at the pictures once more, and talk freely.

Moses and his people had been wandering in the wilderness for a long time, staying first in one place, then in another. All this time God had watched over them and led them, and now the time had come when they wished to show their gratitude.

They said to one another, "Let us build a tent of meeting, a church, where we can gather all together and sing praises to our God."

Some said, "Where shall we find materials with which to build our church?" Then Moses called all the people together, and he said unto them, "Whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring what he has: gold and silver and brass, blue and purple linen, goats' hair, the skins of rams dyed red, and wood; whatever he has that will be of use."

Then all the people went to their tents, and when they returned to Moses, each one brought, gladly and willingly, whatever he had to offer for the building of the tabernacle, as the church was called.

Both men and women came, and the women brought earrings and finger-rings, gold and silver ornaments, and they even took their bracelets off their arms to give. Every man who had blue or purple cloth brought it, and every man who had rams' skins, dyed them red and brought them; and he who had wood brought that.

Soon the work began, and each one gave his very best. The women spun and dyed the cloth, the men who knew how to carve the wood did that part, those who knew how to work in brass, or gold, or silver, did that part. Each one gave of his time and skill so happily, that soon the tabernacle was built.

When it was finished they went in all together, and sang praises to God for His love and care. Afterwards, wherever the Hebrew people went, they carried the great tent of meeting with them, and each one was happy, knowing that he had given of his very best that it might be built.

II

ABRAHAM AND LOT

Genesis 13: 1-9

Were you ever choosing with some playmate? Do you think it is kind to always choose first? To-day our story is about a man who was generous, and let another have first choice.

Long, long ago, there lived a lad named Lot. He had neither father nor mother, so he lived with his Uncle Abraham and his Aunt Sarah, and they cared for him as for their own son.

Abraham and Sarah went from Egypt, where they had been living, to another country, and Lot went with them.

Abraham was rich; he had many cattle, and much silver and much gold.

Lot also had many cattle, and many flocks and tents.

They had been in the new home some time, and now the pastures were no longer enough for Abraham's cattle, and for Lot's cattle, too. Abraham's herdsmen tried to find the best places for Abraham's cattle, and Lot's herdsmen wanted those same places for Lot's cattle, and there was strife among them.

Now Abraham felt sorry when he knew this, and he said to Lot: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for we are brothers. Is not the whole land before us?"

Then Abraham and Lot climbed to the top of a high hill, from which all the land round about could be seen, and Abraham said, "Thou shalt choose which part thou wilt have, and if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or, if thou take the right hand, then I will go to the left."

So Abraham allowed Lot to choose. Lot saw the land near the river, green and well-watered, and he chose to go there. Then he and Abraham parted.

So Abraham went and dwelt in another part of the land. God spoke to Abraham and said, "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward and eastward and westward, for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it."

Then Abraham removed his tent and went to a place called Hebron, and there he dwelt for many years.

III

RUTH GIVES LOVE TO NAOMI

Ruth 1: 1-19

All this month we have been talking about giving. Have you been getting ready to give things away to those you love on a day that is coming soon? (Let the children tell.) Can you think of anything that one person can give another besides presents? Our story to-day is about a girl who gave something that made another very happy.

Once upon a time there lived in a country far away a man named Elimelech, and his wife, Naomi. They had two sons, who were young men, and who could help very much.

Now it came to pass that the grain did not grow and the fruits did not ripen, and the people were without food. So Elimelech and his wife, Naomi, with their two sons, went to the country of Moab, where they could find plenty to eat.

After a time Elimelech, Naomi's husband, died, and she was left alone with her two sons.

By and by the sons married; one married a girl named Orpah, and the other married a girl named Ruth. Then for ten years they all lived happily together.

But after a time the sons died, and Naomi was left alone with Orpah and Ruth. She longed to return to Bethlehem, her own city, from which she and her family had traveled. So she said to Orpah and Ruth, "Go, each one of you, return to your homes, and may you be happy as you have made my sons and me." Then she kissed them, and she was so sad to think of being all alone that she wept.

Then Orpah and Ruth said, "We will go with you unto your people." But Naomi would not listen to them, and she kissed them once more and turned to go.

Now Orpah left her, but Ruth clung to her, and said, "Ask me not to leave you, for wherever you go, there will I go, and your people shall be my people."

When Naomi saw that Ruth would not leave her she was glad, and they went to Bethlehem together. There Ruth helped take care of Naomi, and showed her love always.

IV

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

Luke 2: 1-20

Who remembers his birthday? Who knew about it? Yes, Father and Mother, aunts and uncles, Grandpa and Grandma, — your own family, and perhaps some of your little friends. I am thinking of a birthday which comes very soon. Every one knows about it, — people here, people in near-by cities, and people in cities and towns far across the water. Do you know of whose birthday I am thinking? Let me tell you the story, and then I am sure you will know.

Long, long ago, in a far away city called Bethlehem, there was great excitement. The city was full of strangers, people who had come from far and near to pay some money to the king. All day, even for many days, people had been hurrying toward the city, until every room in the inn was taken, and the houses were full, too.

Just as the day was ending, a man and a woman entered Bethlehem. The man's name was Joseph, the woman's name was Mary, and she was very beautiful. All day long Mary had ridden on the back of the quiet donkey, while Joseph had walked by her side.

They were very tired, for the journey had been long, and the roads had been rough and dusty. They, too, had come to Bethlehem to pay their taxes to the king, because it was Joseph's own city, the place where his father and mother had lived, and where he had lived as a child.

Joseph hastened to the inn, hoping that he might not be too late to find a room where they could stay all night. But the innkeeper shook his head, and told them that there was no room for them in the inn.

At the back of the inn was the place where the animals slept, and Joseph and Mary were glad indeed to go there and rest.

And that night a beautiful and wonderful thing happened. There in the stable a dear little baby was born, and Mary was his mother. Because she had no crib to put her baby in, Mary wrapped him in his first clothes and laid him in a manger, which was filled with sweet hay.

Out on the hillsides, not far from Bethlehem, some shepherds were keeping watch over their flock that night. Suddenly a bright light filled the sky, a light that they had never seen before, and they were sore afraid.

An angel spoke to them and said: " Fear not, for I bring you good news. A baby has been born in Bethlehem who shall help all people. Ye shall find him wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." Then the shepherds saw many more angels, and they sang a beautiful song: " Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

As the angels disappeared, the song grew fainter and fainter, until the shepherds could hear it no more, and the light in the sky slowly faded.

Then the shepherds said one to the other, " Let us now go to Bethlehem and see this babe."

They made haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a

manger. They knelt down before the manger and looked at the babe, and they told Mary and Joseph about the angels and their beautiful song.

After they had seen the babe, they returned to their flock, telling all whom they met of the wonderful things that had been made known to them that night. And they sang and praised God for all that they had seen and heard.

Mary, too, as she watched over her babe, remembered the story the shepherds told her, and kept it in her heart always.

That was the first Christmas night, and we keep the story of the angels and their glorious song in our hearts, and every year we remember the birthday of the Christ-child.

V

THE CHRISTMAS STORY READ

Luke 2: 1-20

Last Sunday we had the story of the first Christmas. Let us look at the pictures once more. Who visited the baby? Should you like to have me read the story from the Bible?

(Read, paraphrasing sufficiently to make it understood by the children.)

Now it came to pass in those days that all went to be taxed, every one to his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, unto Bethlehem, with Mary.

And so it was that the time came when the little baby should be born.

And she brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of Bethlehem, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us go even now unto Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the child.

And all that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was made known unto them.

Sing the Christmas song.

JANUARY

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

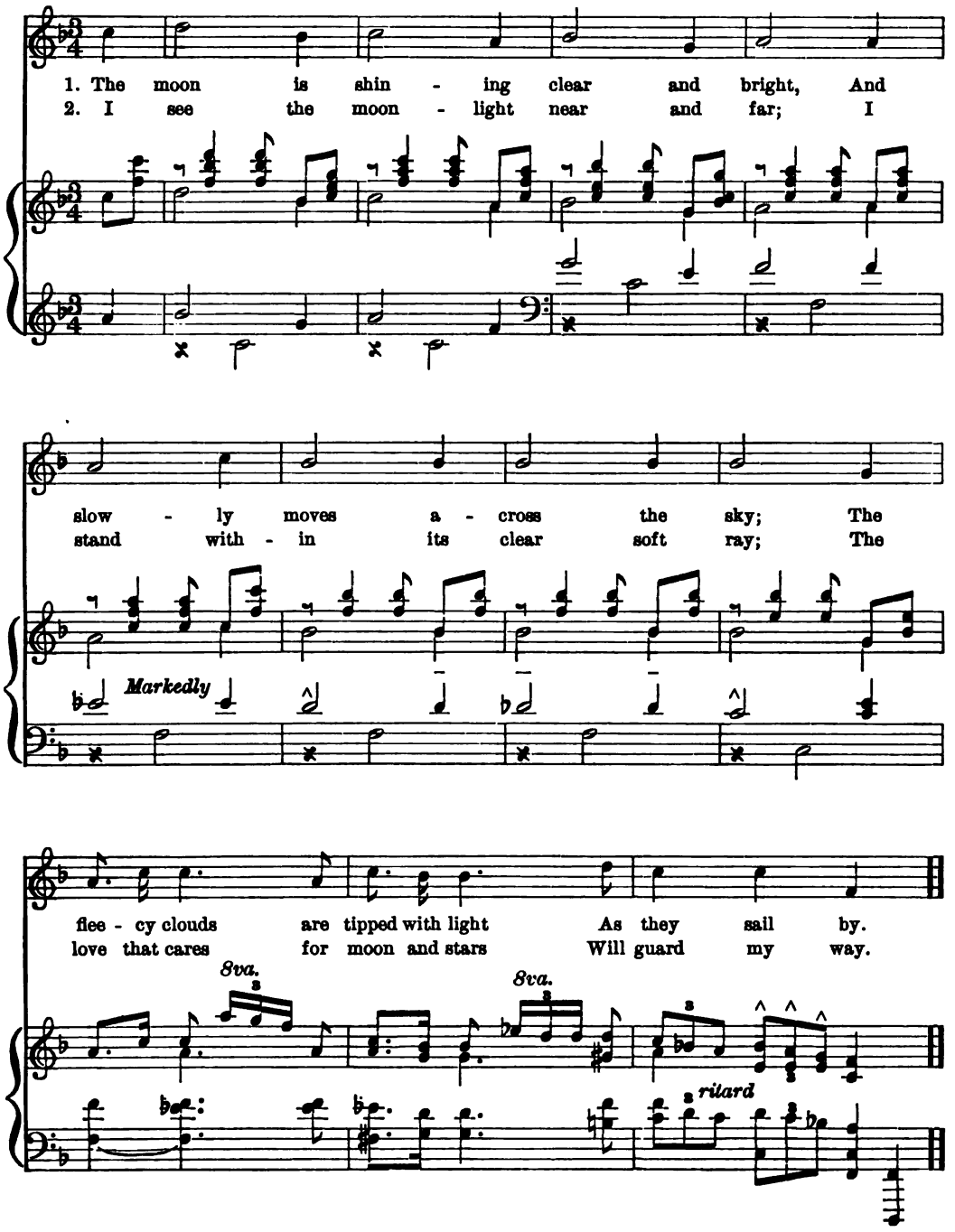
BIBLE VERSE. — And Jesus grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. — Luke 2: 52.

LESSONS. — 1. The Baby Given a Name.
2. The Visit of the Wise Men.
3. The Flight into Egypt.
4. Jesus in His Home.
5. Jesus in the Temple.

BIBLE SELECTION. — Genesis 1: 16-19.

And God made two great lights: the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: He made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.

NATURE TALK. — The Moon and the Stars.

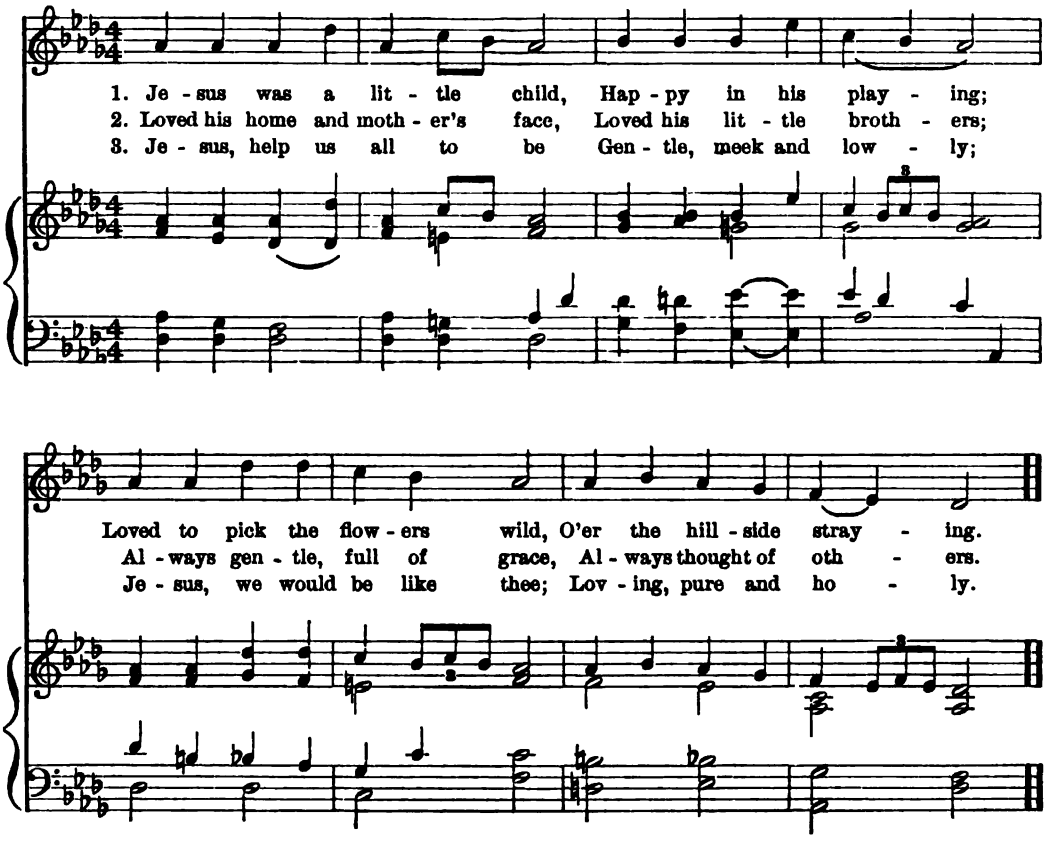
THE CHILD AND THE MOON

1. The moon is shin - ing clear and bright, And
2. I see the moon - light near and far; I
slow - ly moves a - cross the sky; The
stand with - in its clear soft ray; The
Markedly
flee - cy clouds are tipped with light As they sail by.
love that cares for moon and stars Will guard my way.
8va.
8va.
ritard

THE CHILD AND THE MOON

The moon is shining clear and bright,
  And slowly moves across the sky;
The fleecy clouds are tipped with light
  As they sail by.

I see the moonlight near and far;
  I stand within its clear soft ray;
The love that cares for moon and stars
  Will guard my way.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

HYMN

1. Je - sus was a lit - tle child, Hap - py in his play - ing;
2. Loved his home and moth - er's face, Loved his lit - tle broth - ers;
3. Je - sus, help us all to be Gen - tle, meek and low - ly;
Loved to pick the flow - ers wild, O'er the hill - side stray - ing.
Al - ways gen - tle, full of grace, Al - ways thought of oth - ers.
Je - sus, we would be like thee; Lov - ing, pure and ho - ly.

THE CHILD JESUS

Jesus was a little child,
  Happy in his playing;
Loved to pick the flowers wild,
  O'er the hillside straying.

Loved his home and mother's face,
  Loved his little brothers;
Always gentle, full of grace,
  Always thought of others.

Jesus, help us all to be
  Gentle, meek and lowly;
Jesus, we would be like thee;
  Loving, pure and holy.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

I

THE BABY GIVEN A NAME

Luke 2: 21-39

Can you think of one of the first things we give a little new baby? Clothes and care and so much love. Yes. But people come to see the baby, and they say, "What is its ——?" Yes, name. Then when Baby is large enough there comes a Sunday when Father and Mother take the baby to church, and the minister says the name so all in the church can hear it; and he asks God to bless the baby, and help him to grow to be a good child. That is one way that Father and Mother thank God for His gift to them, and one way that they tell the people that they are going to help their little child to be loving and helpful, — to be God's child.

When the baby, whom the shepherds visited on that first Christmas night, was eight days old, Mary and Joseph gave him his name, — Jesus. Before Jesus was born, an angel had whispered to Mary, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus."

Then, when Jesus grew a little older, they took him on a journey, from Bethlehem to Jerusalem. There they went at once to the temple, and asked God to watch over him, and to help them to teach him to do right.

Mary and Joseph were not alone in the temple on that day, for an old man named Simeon was there. Simeon was a good man, and God had told him that he should live to see this baby who was going to help all the world. Simeon had come to the temple to worship God, and when he saw Jesus in Mary's arms, he knew that this was the baby for whom he had been watching so many years. He took Jesus in his arms, and he thanked God for letting him see this baby. He told Mary and Joseph that their baby, Jesus, would grow up to help many, many people. And Mary and Joseph were amazed at Simeon's words.

There was in the temple, too, a woman, named Anna. Like Simeon, she had been watching for the coming of this baby, and, like Simeon, she knew that Jesus was the child of whom she had been thinking so long.

She, too, spoke to Mary and Joseph, and she thanked God that Jesus had come, and she told the people about Him.

Then when Mary and Joseph had made their thank-offering at the temple they went away.

Mary kept all she had heard in her heart, and she remembered it all as her baby grew older.

II

THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN

Matthew 2: 1-12

Do you remember the visitors the Baby Jesus had on that first Christmas night? Yes, the shepherds. When he was older, he had some other visitors. Shall I tell you the story?

While the shepherds had watched on the hillsides near Bethlehem, and the angels had sung their wonderful song, some other people were watching the heavens in a land far from Bethlehem.

Three Wise Men had been studying the stars for many years, and on that first Christmas night they saw, for the first time, a large bright star in the eastern sky.

Now they had heard, and they had read, that this new star would tell of the coming of a baby who should be king.

They decided to go in search of this babe, and to take him gifts. So they rode on their camels for days and days, and all the way the star seemed to lead them.

By and by they reached Bethlehem, and they went to the palace of King Herod. There they inquired of the king where the King of the Jews was born. "For," said they, "we have seen his star in the east, and have come to worship him."

Now when Herod heard these words of the Wise Men, he feared that this baby had come to take his place. He thought in his heart that he would never allow that, but he told the Wise Men to go and search diligently for the babe, and when they had found him to return and tell him, that he might go and worship him also.

So the Wise Men left King Herod, and all the way the star led them, until it stood still over the house where the baby lay. They went in and found the babe with Mary and Joseph. They opened their treasures and presented unto him gifts, — gold and frankincense and myrrh.

And God spoke to the Wise Men in a dream, warning them not to return to King Herod, so they left Bethlehem by another way, and hastened to their own country.

III

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Matthew 2: 13-15

To-day we are to hear about a long journey that Mary and Joseph went on while Jesus was still a baby.

Mary and Joseph were surprised that the Wise Men had come so far to see their baby, and they thought about them, and talked about them a great deal after they had ridden away on their camels. And when they looked at the gifts the Wise Men had left for the baby, they wondered more and more.

That same night God sent a dream to Joseph. An angel stood by his side and spoke to him. "Arise, take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

Joseph arose, and he called Mary, and together they made haste to prepare for their long journey. Once more Mary must ride on the quiet donkey, and she held so tenderly and carefully the Baby Jesus.

Joseph walked by her side, carrying his bag of tools, for when they reached Egypt he must work hard to make a home for Mary and the baby.

So they traveled by night, with the bright stars shining overhead, and the cool night air blowing softly on them.

When the morning grew hot, they rested under the trees, and so they journeyed, until by and by they reached Egypt, where God had told them to stay.

There in Egypt they made their home, and Jesus grew, and learned to walk and talk, and to obey his father and mother.

Once more God sent a dream to Joseph, telling him to go back to Nazareth, for no harm would now come to Baby Jesus.

Again Joseph listened to God's voice, and he and Mary and Jesus went to Nazareth, where they lived for a long time.

IV

JESUS IN HIS HOME

Luke 2: 39, 40, 51, 52. Matthew 2: 19-23

To-day we are going to have a story of how Jesus lived in his home in Nazareth. It was a long ago time; but in that country things change very slowly, and people who go there now tell us how the country looks and what the people do, and so we can know very nearly how everything was when Jesus lived there.

When Joseph and Mary left Egypt, they traveled a long way, and by and by they came to the little town of Nazareth.

Nazareth was a pleasant place to live in, for there were hills around it, and many bright flowers grew on the hillsides. The days were warm, the sky blue, and the people lived happily together.

After a while brothers and sisters came to live with Jesus, and together they wandered through the fields and gathered the flowers. Jesus was the oldest, and he could help very much by taking care of the younger children.

They went to school, too, where they learned to do right. They learned to say their prayers, and words from the Bible, some that we have learned: "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands," and others, that we may learn by and by.

The house they lived in was white, with a flat roof, which was reached by stairs going up on the outside. The family slept on the roof in good weather, each one wrapped in his own blanket, and there they sat through the long, pleasant evenings.

Joseph was a carpenter, and he did most of his work out-of-doors, while Mary spun cloth, went to the well for water, and did the work in the house.

Jesus found many ways of helping; he carried his father's tools and some of the smaller pieces of wood, he helped his mother when she went to the well, and he took care of the younger children.

He was thoughtful and gentle; when he played the games with the other children he was generous and kind. He walked through the fields, and he loved the flowers and the birds, and he knew that God had made them all.

So he lived quietly and happily, obeying and learning. And the Bible says, "He grew and waxed strong, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him."

V

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

Luke 2: 41-49

Recall the story of the Presentation in the Temple. Look again at the picture and talk freely. To-day we are going to hear a story of another visit to the temple.

Every year, Mary and Joseph, with many of their friends and neighbors, went to Jerusalem. They started in the early spring-time, when the leaves were green and the blossoms were coming out on the trees.

It was a long journey, and the people stayed together all the way, for the roads were rough and not safe for a few traveling alone.

Many times Jesus had watched his parents start on this same journey, and he had wished that he might go. But the small children were left at home, because it was too far for them to travel.

But now the time had come, when Jesus was twelve years old, able to walk with the rest of the company, and he was going to Jerusalem for the first time since he was a tiny baby.

They walked along the road singing, "I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord," and other psalms. They stopped to drink from the brooks that ran among the hills, and when the day grew hot they rested in the shade of the trees, and talked with one another. All were happy and joyous, and Jesus had companions of his own age, boys, who, like himself, were going for the first time.

They talked about the city with its wall all around, of the temple, and their joy was great when they saw it glistening in the sun.

When they reached the city, they met their friends, and they planned for a whole week of visiting, and a happy time. For a while each day they went quietly and reverently to the temple, where they worshiped God and heard the minister read from the Bible,

Now Jesus went many times to the temple. While there he listened, and thought about all the minister said and read, and he asked questions that he might know their meaning better.

So the week passed by, and one morning Mary and Joseph, with their friends from Nazareth, left the city, and traveled all day towards their home. Now, when they had started, Mary and Joseph noticed that Jesus was not with them, but they thought he was with some of his playmates. But supper-time came, then bed-time, and still Jesus did not appear. They went about among the company of friends, but no one had seen him.

Anxiously they hastened to Jerusalem, asking at the homes where they had visited, going to the shops, and to all the places where they thought he might be.

Then they went to the temple. There they found him in the midst of a company of people, listening eagerly to the ministers, and asking such questions that all were amazed.

When Mary and Joseph saw him there they were surprised, but, oh, so glad to find him safe after their long search!

Mary hastened to his side, and said, "Why have you stayed behind, for we have been sad and troubled, and have searched long for you?"

Jesus said, "Why did you seek in other places? Did you not know that I would be here in God's house?" But he took their hands, and so he returned with them to Nazareth.

FEBRUARY

OBEDIENCE

BIBLE VERSE. — Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.— Ephesians 6: 1.

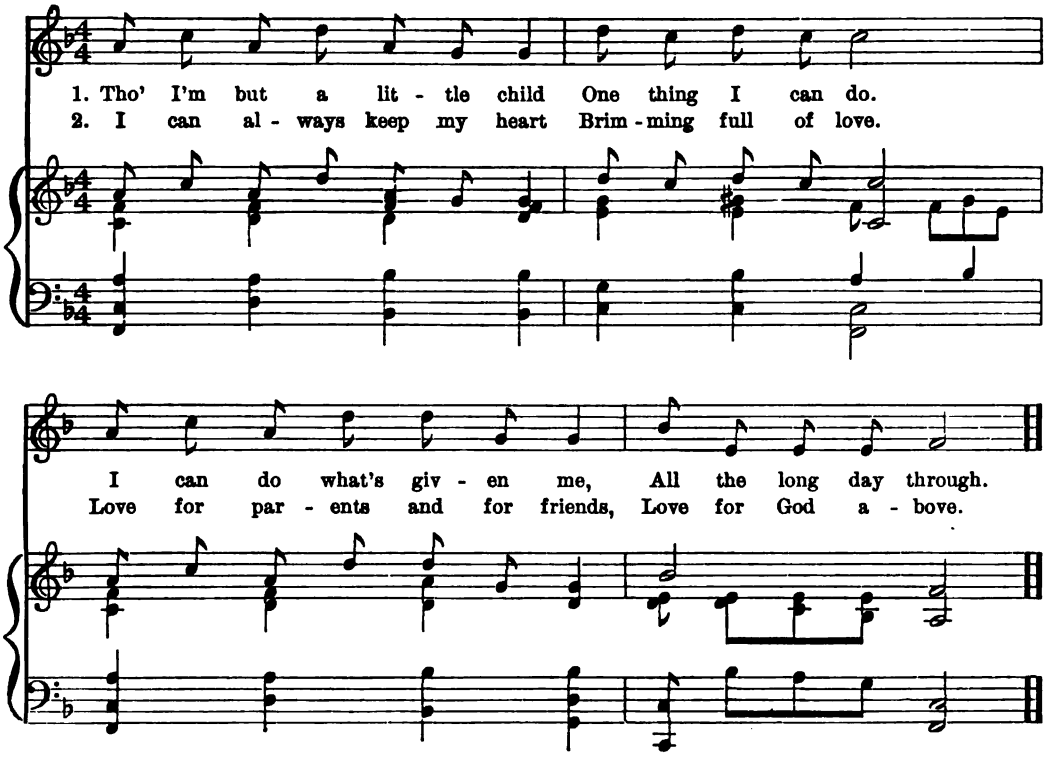
LESSONS. — 1. Joseph Obeying.
2. Samuel Obeying.
3. Daniel Obeying.
4. Gideon's Army.
5. David, the Shepherd Boy.

BIBLE SELECTION. — From the Psalms.

Oh, Lord, how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all:
The earth is full of Thy riches.
While the earth remaineth
Seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat,
And summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.
Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.
Sing praises unto our God.

NATURE TALK. — Review the talks of the previous months, noticing the changes that each month has brought.

Let the children choose from the Nature Songs already learned.

HYMN

1. Tho' I'm but a lit - tle child One thing I can do.
2. I can al - ways keep my heart Brim - ming full of love.
I can do what's giv - en me, All the long day through.
Love for par - ents and for friends, Love for God a - bove.

LOVE

Tho' I'm but a little child
  One thing I can do.
I can do what's given me,
  All the long day through.

I can always keep my heart
  Brimming full of love.
Love for parents and for friends,
  Love for God above.

CELIA STANDISH.

I

JOSEPH OBEYING

Genesis 37: 3-17

Did you ever go on an errand? What kind of errand boys and girls do we like? Yes, those who go quickly and those who remember. To-day we are going to hear about a boy who did an errand well.

There once lived a man named Jacob. He had many sons, but of all he loved Joseph best, and he made him a beautiful coat of many colors.

Now when his brothers saw that their father loved Joseph so much, they were unhappy, and they did not like Joseph.

Joseph dreamed a dream one night. He dreamed that he and his brothers were binding wheat into sheaves, and his sheaf stood up straight, while his brothers' sheaves bowed to his sheaf.

In those days people believed that dreams were sent to tell things that were going to happen. And they thought that Joseph's dream meant that some day he would be greater than they, and that they would have to bow down to Joseph. And they disliked him.

Again Joseph dreamed a dream, in which the sun and the moon and the stars bowed to him. And he told it to his father and his brothers. His father said, "Shall I and thy mother and thy brothers bow down to thee?" His brothers envied Joseph, but his father remembered the dream.

Joseph's father had many sheep, and his brothers drove the flock to a place called Shechem to feed. As time went by, and no word came from them, Jacob grew anxious, and he called Joseph to him and said: "Do not thy brothers feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them." And Joseph said, "Here am I." His father said, "Go, I pray thee, and see whether it be well with thy brothers and with the flocks, and bring me word again."

So Joseph started, and he walked several days over the dusty roads, until he came at last to Shechem. But his brothers were not there. A man found Joseph wandering in the fields, and he asked him, "What seekest thou?" And Joseph said, "I seek my brothers; tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks?"

The man replied, "They are gone from here, for I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.'"

Now Joseph was tired and hot, and the hills of Dothan were so far away they looked blue and hazy in the distance, and he longed to return home.

But he knew how anxious his father was to hear from his brothers and the flocks, so he thanked the shepherd and started bravely on again.

Over the rough road he walked, resting for a little under the trees, drinking from the cool streams, but then hastening on until at last he came to Dothan.

There, in the field, he saw his brothers keeping watch over the sheep, and he hurried toward them to give his father's message, and to learn if all was well with them.

II

SAMUEL OBEYING

I. Samuel 3: 1-19

Did you ever hear Mother calling when you were at play? What does she like to have you do when she calls? To-day our story is about a little boy who ran quickly when he was called.

Far away, in the land of Israel, there lived a man, Elkanah, and his wife Hannah. Every year the people of Israel went to the temple to worship, and to thank God for all His blessings. It was something like our Thanksgiving Day, and all went, — fathers and mothers and children.

Now Hannah was sad, because there were no little children in her home. And when she came to the temple, and saw all the happy fathers and mothers with their children, she wished more and more for one of her own.

She knelt down, and prayed to God, and she asked Him to send her a little son to love and to care for.

God heard Hannah's prayer, and He answered it. When her little son was born she called his name Samuel. " Because," she said, " I have asked him of the Lord." And she promised that all his life he should be lent to the Lord.

All the time Samuel was a tiny baby, Hannah remembered her promise, and when he was three or four years old, Hannah took him to the temple and asked Eli, the high priest, to take care of him and teach him to do right.

Then Hannah went back to her home. She missed her little boy very much, but she loved him all the time, and she made him a little coat every year to take with her when she went to the temple.

Samuel was lonely at first and longed for his mother, but Eli loved him and was kind to him, and he taught him to do many things. He was an old man, and he was growing feeble, so he was glad to have a little boy who could run quickly and help him.

Now, in the innermost part of the temple there was a light, which was kept always burning, and one of the things Samuel had learned to do was to take care of this lamp.

One night, when all was done, Samuel and Eli lay down to sleep. After a while Samuel heard a voice calling " Samuel, Samuel." He arose quickly, and ran to Eli, and said, " Here am I, for thou didst call." But Eli said, " I called not, go and lie down." Samuel lay down, and again he heard the voice call, " Samuel, Samuel! " Again he hurried to Eli's side and said, " Here am I, for thou didst call."

Yet a third time Samuel heard the voice, and a third time he ran to Eli and said, " Here am I, for surely this time thou didst call."

Eli knew then that it was God's voice speaking to Samuel, and he said, " Go, lie down again, and if the voice calls thou shalt say, ' Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' "

Once again Samuel heard the voice call, " Samuel, Samuel! " and he

answered as Eli had said, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." Then God came close to Samuel, and He spoke to Samuel's heart, and told him many things that were going to happen to the people of Israel.

Samuel listened, and remembered, and he obeyed until he grew to be a wise man. And he ruled the people of Israel as long as he lived.

III

DANIEL OBEYING

Daniel 1

When there is a little baby in our home, we watch him every day, and we are glad when he grows bigger and stronger. How can we help him to grow? He must have food and fresh air and sunshine, and he must be kept nice and clean. Do you think if Mother gave him candy and pie that he would grow strong? Oh, no! And when little children grow older, and Mother says "No," then they must listen and obey. They must remember, too, what Mother says when they are away, and obey just the same.

Long, long ago, a king went from his own country into another land. There he found some young men, who were strong and wise, whom he took with him into his own country to live in his palace and be taught to help him.

Each day he set aside a portion of food from his own table, rich food and wine, and each day it was set before them. He had planned that this should be done for three years before they were brought to the king's palace to serve him.

Now among these young princes were Daniel and his brothers. Daniel was wise. He knew that God had given him health and strength, and that he must keep it to do God's work in the world.

When they had lived at home they had learned that rich food and wine were not best for making boys grow into strong, fair men. Daniel asked Melzar, the prince who was caring for them, to give them such food, plain and good, as they had had at home.

Now Daniel had pleased Melzar, but he feared that they would not grow strong and comely, and then the king would be displeased. But Daniel said, "Try us for ten days; let us have our way, and then if we be not fairer than they who eat of the king's rich food and drink of his wine, we will do as thou biddest."

Melzar consented, and they were given their own plain, good food. After ten days they stood before Melzar, fairer and stronger than all the rest.

So for three years they had their way, and God gave them wisdom and skill, and when they were brought before the king there were none who could compare with them.

And the king was well pleased with Daniel, and he kept him near him.

IV

GIDEON'S ARMY

Judges 6, 7

Did you ever see any soldiers? What do soldiers do? What do we call the leader? All the soldiers must obey — and how must they obey? Yes, quickly. Our story to-day is about a captain and his soldiers who obeyed so quickly that they saved their country from some strange men.

The people in Palestine were very unhappy. They could no longer feel free to wander over the fields and plant their gardens in safety, because a strange people, the Midianites, had come into their land. There were many of them, and they had come, riding on their camels, determined to take Palestine for themselves. They pitched their tents, and stayed there for a long time, even for seven years.

Now, all this time the people of Palestine had been trying to drive the Midianites away, but they were not strong enough to do so. They asked God to help them; to send them a leader who should win the victory.

There was living in Palestine a young man named Gideon. He was brave and strong, and he loved his country and his people. One day, while Gideon was threshing wheat in the shelter of a building on his father's place, that the Midianites might not see how much he had to thresh, an angel appeared to him and said, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour. Go, in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites." Gideon said: "Wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold, my family is poor, and I am the least in my father's house." But the angel said, "Surely the Lord will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man."

When the angel had gone, Gideon thought about what had been said to him, and how he should obey the command. The first thing he did was to go forth among the people, sounding his trumpet to call them together; then he sent messengers throughout all the country to bid the men come to him. And many came from all parts and stood before Gideon.

Again God spoke to Gideon, and said: "The people that are with thee are too many, for when the victory is won they may say, 'Israel's own hand hath saved us.' Go, say to them whoever is fearful and afraid, let him return to his home." Gideon obeyed and more than half of the men departed.

Then God said to Gideon, "The people are still too many; bring them down to the water and try them there." And again Gideon obeyed. He led the men to the water, and they all knelt down to drink. Some bent their heads to the water, and had there been any Midianites near they could have taken them captive. But others dipped the water up in their hands, keeping watch all the time, and these men God told Gideon to keep for his army.

There were three hundred left in Gideon's army, and he led them to the hillside where they could look down upon the tents of the Midianites.

Gideon divided his army into three companies, and that same night he

gave each a trumpet and a pitcher, and a torch within the pitcher. And he said: " Look on me and do as I do. When I, and all that are with me, blow with a trumpet, then blow ye the trumpet on every side of the camp, and shout ' The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon.' "

So Gideon, and the men that were with him, came to the outside of the camp in the middle of the night, and they blew their trumpets and they broke the pitchers that they carried.

Then all the three hundred men blew their trumpets together, and broke their pitchers with a crash, and they held their torches high in their hands and shouted, " The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

When the Midianites heard the loud blast of trumpets and the crash of the pitchers; when they saw the light from the torches and heard the shouting, they were so frightened that they left their tents and fled. Gideon and his army pursued them across the river and up among the hills. And they came no more to trouble the people of Palestine.

V

DAVID THE SHEPHERD BOY

I. Samuel 16

Do you remember the story I told you early in the year about the sheep, and what they give us? Who can tell what we call the man who takes care of the sheep? Yes, the shepherd. To-day our story is about a boy who took care of his father's sheep, so we call him a shepherd boy.

The name of the shepherd boy is David. He lived in a place called Bethlehem, with his seven brothers and his father, Jesse.

David was the youngest, but his father trusted him. He was a faithful shepherd boy; he found the best places in the pastures, where the grass was thick and green; he found the cool, quiet streams and the shadiest trees; and he kept careful watch lest some wild beast should find its way into the flock.

One night, a lion did come, and, making his way stealthily among the sheep, took a baby lamb in his mouth. But David saw him, and quickly seizing a stout club he killed him before he could get away with the lamb. So he watched his sheep, and was ever ready to guard them from danger.

But there were many times during the day while the sheep were peacefully feeding or lying quietly in the shade of the trees, when David could rest.

He had a harp, upon which he loved to play, and he spent many happy hours making sweet music. Sometimes it sounded like the rustle of the leaves when the wind blows gently through the trees; sometimes like the wild storm rushing through the forest; sometimes like the twitter of birds in the branches; or like the clear water rippling over the stones in the brook.

Now the king of that country was sick, and no one was able to help him. At times he grew sad, and would see neither his family nor his friends, not even his son Jonathan, whom he dearly loved. The doctors tried many things to cure King Saul, but still he grew no better.

By and by they said that if he could hear sweet music perhaps it would help him. They, too, had heard of David, the shepherd boy, and his wonderful harp, so they sent to his father, Jesse, and asked that David might go to the palace and play before King Saul. And David went and stood before the king.

At first King Saul paid no attention; but soon the music grew so sweet and so peaceful that he held up his head and listened. Still David played, until the sad, tired look left King Saul's face, and at last he smiled. Then how glad every one was!

Now David was fair to look upon, and King Saul loved him greatly. He kept him in his service at the palace and made him his armorbearer.

David made many friends at the king's palace, but the time came when Jesse needed his son again, and David, obedient to the call, left all the luxury and splendor and returned to his father's house.

He went again to the pastures to tend the sheep, and each day he grew stronger and braver, until by and by the time came when he was called upon to help King Saul again, and to serve his country.

But that is another story, and some day you shall hear it.

MARCH

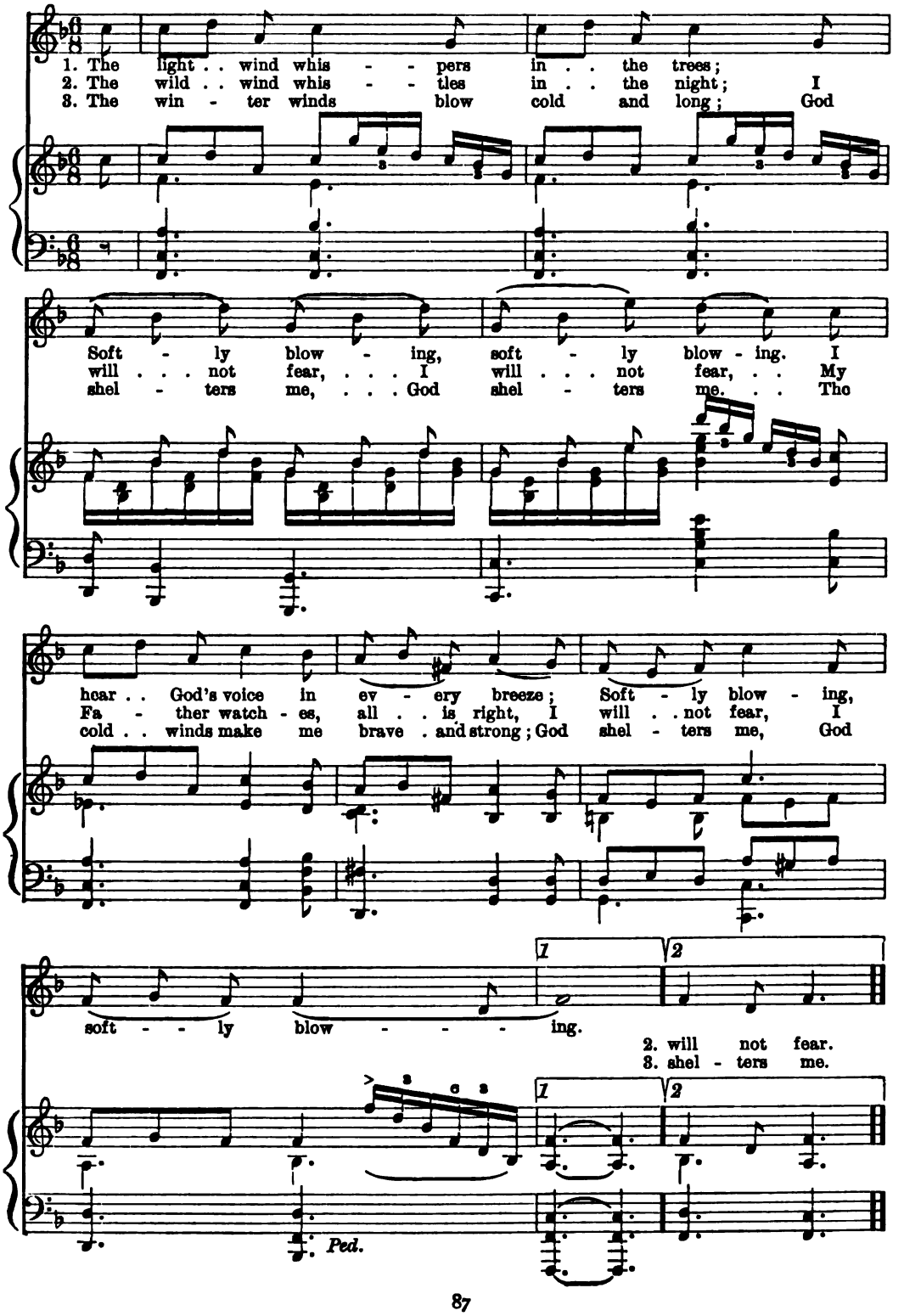
HELPFULNESS

BIBLE VERSE. — Let us do good unto all. — Galatians 6: 10.

LESSONS. — 1. The Little Maid Who Helped.
2. Rebekah at the Well.
3. Joseph Helps King Pharaoh.
4. Joseph Helps His Brothers.
5. David and Goliath.

BIBLE SELECTION. — From the Psalms.
He causeth His wind to blow and the waters to flow.
He bringeth forth the winds out of His treasuries.

NATURE TALK. — The wind: how it helps in Nature. How it helps man.
Touch upon the thought of the unseen power.

THE CHILD AND THE WIND

1. The light . . wind whis - - pers in . . the trees;
2. The wild . . wind whis - - tles in . . the night; I
3. The win - ter winds blow cold and long; God
Soft - ly blow - ing, soft - ly blow - ing. I
will . . . not fear, . . . I will . . . not fear, . . My
shel - ters me, . . . God shel - ters me. . . The
hear . . God's voice in ev - ery breeze; Soft - ly blow - ing,
Fa - ther watch - es, all . . is right, I will . . not fear, I
cold . . winds make me brave . and strong; God shel - ters me, God
soft - - ly blow - - - - ing.
2. will not fear.
3. shel - ters me.
1
2
Ped.

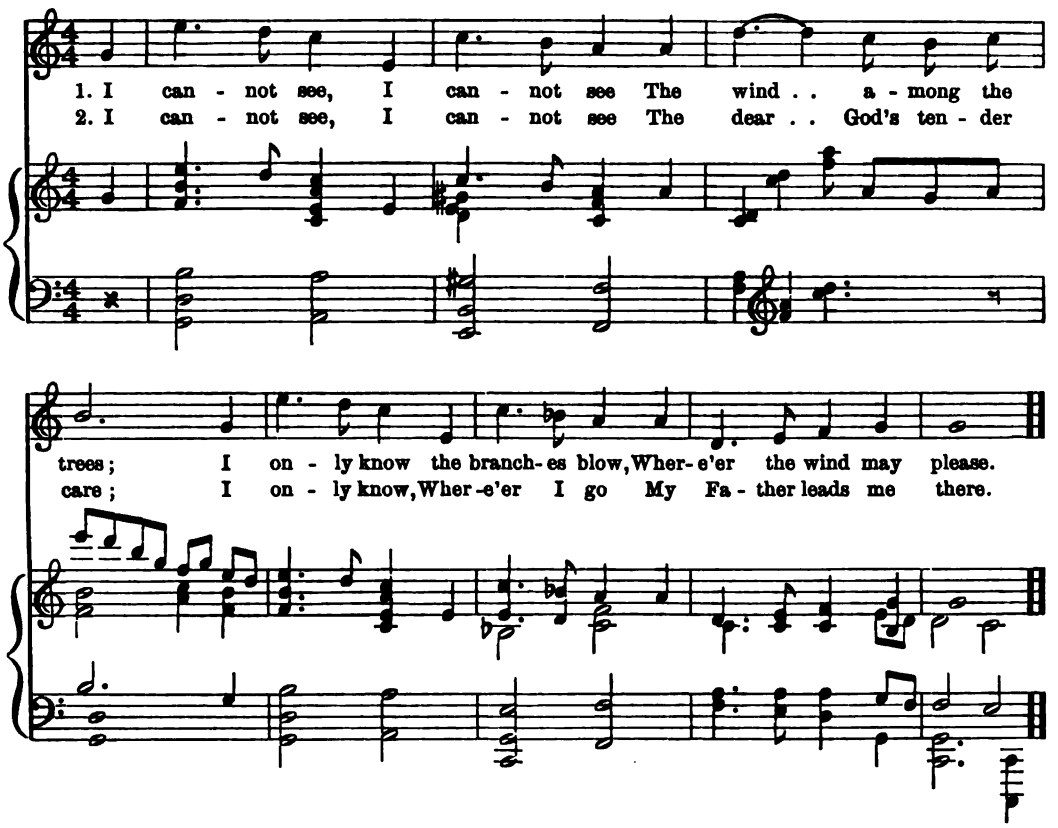
THE CHILD AND THE WIND

The light wind whispers in the trees;
  Softly blowing, softly blowing.
I hear God's voice in every breeze;
  Softly blowing, softly blowing.

The wild wind whistles in the night;
  I will not fear, I will not fear,
My Father watches, all is right,
  I will not fear, I will not fear.

The winter winds blow cold and long;
  God shelters me, God shelters me.
The cold winds make me brave and strong;
  God shelters me, God shelters me.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

HYMN

1. I can - not see, I can - not see The wind . . a - mong the
2. I can - not see, I can - not see The dear . . God's ten - der
trees; I on - ly know the branch- es blow, Wher- e'er the wind may please.
care; I on - ly know, Wher - e'er I go My Fa - ther leads me there.

I ONLY KNOW

I cannot see, I cannot see
The wind among the trees;
I only know the branches blow,
Where'er the wind may please.

I cannot see, I cannot see
The dear God's tender care;
I only know, where'er I go
My Father leads me there.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

I

THE LITTLE MAID WHO HELPED

II. Kings 5: 1-5, 9-14

Was any one at your house ever sick? Who helped her to get well? Could you help? Show me how you could walk across the room so you would not disturb her. Show me how you could close the door. In some such way impress upon the children the fact that even they may help.

Once upon a time there lived in a far away country, called Syria, a little maid. She was away from her own country and her own people, for she had been brought to live in Syria by Naaman, the captain of the king's soldiers.

They had gone out from Syria, and had brought many people back with them, and Naaman had taken this little maid to wait on his wife. They were kind to her, and she loved them very much, and she tried in every way to help them.

Now, Naaman was honored by the king, for he had been wise in battle, and had won many victories for the king. But in spite of all this, he was unhappy, for he was a leper. He had to live away from his family and friends, and he could not hope to live with them again, for no one knew how to cure leprosy, and if any one came near Naaman he might get the sickness, too. Many times the little maid wished that she could help Naaman. One day she remembered that there had been lepers in her own country, and then, oh, then, she remembered that Elisha had made them well. And she said that perhaps God would give him power to make Naaman well, too.

Then she hastened to tell her mistress, and some one heard what she said and ran and told the king.

The king was very glad, and he said, "Go, and I will send a letter unto the King of Israel." Quickly Naaman made ready to go. His chariot was brought, and many camels besides were laden with gifts for the king and for Elisha.

Soon Naaman started, and his wife and the little maid watched the chariot and the camels slowly disappear in the distance.

Now, when Naaman reached Israel, he went to the king, who sent him to Elisha, and Elisha told him to go and bathe seven times in the river Jordan. At first Naaman was angry. But one of his servants said, "Father, if the prophet had told you to do some hard thing you would have done it at once — how easy it is to do this." Naaman saw that they were right. He went and bathed seven times in the river and he was well.

Now, all this time the little maid and Naaman's wife had been watching for him to return. And one day they saw the chariot in the distance. By and by it drew up before the door and Naaman got out. Then his friends came to welcome him, and all were so glad that he was cured.

But in that whole city the happiest one of all was the little maid who had remembered how she could help her master to get well.

II

REBEKAH AT THE WELL

Genesis 24: 10-20, 29-31

Did you ever go to a well for water? Sometimes we pump the water; but sometimes we have to let down a bucket, and then draw it up heavy and full. Do you think it is easy to draw a heavy bucket from a well?

Long ago there was a man named Abraham, who lived with his son Isaac. Abraham was growing old, and before he died he wanted to be sure that Isaac had a good wife to care for him. So he called his servant, Eliezer, to him one day and said, "You shall go to my country, and to my kindred, and there choose a wife for my son Isaac."

Eliezer had been a good servant to Abraham all his life, and Abraham knew he could trust him to do his errand well.

So Eliezer took ten of his master's camels, with presents for Abraham's kindred, and started on his journey. He traveled for several days, all the time wondering how he should choose a wife for Isaac. By and by he came to the well outside the city where Abraham's people lived.

It was evening, and he made his camels kneel by the well that they might rest in the cool air, and he sat down beside them.

Every evening the women of the city, after they had finished the day's work, weaving, grinding corn, making bread, and all the other things, took their water-jars and went to the well for fresh water.

Now, Eliezer knew that this was the custom, and he asked God to help him to be wise, that he might choose a good wife for Isaac.

Soon there came a woman named Rebekah, carrying a water-jar on her shoulder. She looked kind and sweet, and Eliezer asked her for a drink of water from her jar. She hastened to fill it with fresh, cool water, and held it for Eliezer to drink. Then she saw the camels, and knew that they had traveled far, so turning again to Eliezer, she said, "I will draw water for your camels also, until they are done drinking." She emptied the water from the jar into the low trough, and filled the jar again and again, until the camels had quenched their thirst. Camels can go many, many days without water, but they drink a great deal at one time, and Rebekah had to fill her jar many times.

Eliezer watched her; he saw how fair she was, and how patient and helpful, and he said, "Surely she will make a good wife for my master's son."

So he asked if he might go to her father's tents to stay that night, and she welcomed him gladly.

Her brother came out to meet him, and Eliezer told his errand. He gave them presents, and told them about Abraham and his son.

Rebekah's brother and father said that she might go back with Eliezer. So the next day she left her home and went to be Isaac's wife, to live in his tents, and to love and help him all the rest of her life.

III

JOSEPH HELPS KING PHARAOH

Genesis 37, 39, 41

Recall the story of Joseph told in a previous month. Look again at the picture, and, if necessary, briefly retell the story.

Now, when Joseph's brothers saw him coming, they were not glad, and they planned what they could do so that he should not return home.

First they stripped him of his coat of many colors, which his father had given him, and they put him into an empty pit near by, while they thought what they should do.

They sat down to eat. Soon they saw a company of Ishmaelites coming with camels on their way to Egypt. And one of the brothers said, "Let us sell Joseph to these Ishmaelites; but let us not harm him, for he is our brother." So when the company of men with their camels drew near enough they sold Joseph to them for twenty pieces of silver.

Joseph traveled with them to Egypt, where Potiphar, an officer of the king, bought him from the Ishmaelites. Joseph grew wise, and he prospered, and Potiphar took him to live in his own house. Joseph pleased his master so much that he gave him the care over his house, and charge of all that he had.

Now, King Pharaoh dreamed two dreams, and he wished to know what they meant. No one could tell him, until Joseph was called. King Pharaoh told him his dreams, and Joseph said that God showed him that both dreams were sent to tell the same thing. For seven years the rain and the sun would help, and there would be plenty in the land of Egypt; then would come the time when for seven long years there would be no food for the people.

So Joseph told the king to build storehouses, and while there was plenty, to store away food to be used when the famine came.

Pharaoh listened to Joseph, for he thought him a very wise man. He took off his ring and gave it to Joseph, and he put a gold chain around his neck, that all who saw Joseph might know he had made him ruler with himself; that he was honored and trusted.

Joseph built storehouses, and all the time, for seven years, he helped the people to put away food in the cities; and Joseph gathered the corn from round about and put it away.

When the seven years of plenty were ended, there came the time when nothing would grow. Then the people grew hungry, but when they called for food, Joseph opened the storehouses and sold corn to the people.

So for seven long years Joseph's wisdom helped the people of Egypt, and they and the king were glad that he had come.

IV

JOSEPH HELPS HIS BROTHERS

Genesis 42

Last week we heard how Joseph helped King Pharaoh and the people of Egypt. To-day our story is about his brothers, and how he helped them.

Now, after two years, the famine was still great in Egypt, and it spread into the lands round about. Many people came to Egypt to buy corn, for Joseph's storehouses were filled.

When Joseph's father, Jacob, saw that there was corn in Egypt, he told his sons to go down and buy for them that they might live.

And Joseph's ten brothers went down into Egypt to buy corn. But Benjamin, the youngest, was kept at home, lest some harm should befall him.

Joseph was still the governor of Egypt, and it was he who sold corn to the people.

When Joseph's brothers came to him, and bowed low before him, he knew them, but they did not know him, for he had changed since they sold him to the Ishmaelites. And he, not wishing to make himself known to them yet, spoke roughly to them, and he asked them why they had come.

And they told him, to buy corn. But Joseph questioned them still more, and they said: "We have come to buy food; we are true men, all one man's sons. We are twelve brothers, and the youngest is still at home with our father, and one is not living," for they thought that Joseph, whom they had sold, must be dead, since no word had come from him in all the years.

Then Joseph told them to return and bring their youngest brother, and that one should stay behind until he came. So Simeon remained in Egypt, while the others started home with their sacks of corn. When they opened the sacks, the money which they had paid for the corn was on the top, and they were amazed.

Jacob was heartbroken when they told him that Benjamin must go, for he had never ceased to mourn for Joseph, and he feared lest Benjamin, too, should be harmed. At first he refused to let Benjamin go. But by and by they were again in need of corn, and Judah, one of the brothers, promised that he would allow no harm to befall Benjamin. Jacob finally sent Benjamin on his way with the others, and they took gifts for the governor of Egypt.

When they came to Egypt they were taken to Joseph's own house, where they found Simeon, and they all had dinner together.

Now, Joseph longed to make himself known to his brothers, but the time had not yet come.

When they started for home, their sacks filled with corn, Joseph sent his steward after them, to demand his silver cup which he had ordered put into Benjamin's sack. They were not far from the city when the steward overtook them, and they returned with him, pleading and begging for Benjamin.

When they came before Joseph, he could no longer keep silent, and when all but his brothers had been sent away, he said: "I am Joseph, your brother, whom you sold into Egypt. Do not grieve that you did so, for God sent me before you that I might save you now. He has made me to prosper, and He has given me wisdom that I might help the Egyptians and the people in other lands."

Then he bade them go and tell their father, Jacob, and then to return with their families, their flocks and their herds. And he took Benjamin in his arms, and he kissed his brothers, and wept.

And Jacob and his sons, with all that they had, went and dwelt in a part of Egypt which King Pharaoh gave Joseph for them.

V

DAVID AND GOLIATH

I. Samuel 17

Recall the story of David the Shepherd Boy. Emphasize his faithfulness and his obedience. Recall his helpfulness to King Saul.

Now, while Saul was king over Israel, the Philistines came with their army and drew up on the hill outside the city. King Saul drew up his army on the opposite hill and waited.

The Philistines were full of courage, for their leader was a giant, Goliath of Gath. He was taller than the tallest man among the Israelites, and he was strong — so strong that he could conquer any one who tried to withstand him.

He wore a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was dressed in a coat of mail, which was made of brass, too, and very strong. His legs were covered with brass, he had a shield of brass upon his shoulders, and he carried a huge spear.

This giant, Goliath, came forth every day from the Philistine army, and called to the Israelites, that if they could send forth a man from their army who should conquer him, then the Philistines would become the servants of the Israelites; but should Goliath win, then the Israelites must be servants to the Philistines. He felt perfectly sure no one could win against him. But let us see what a surprise was in store.

There were many brave men in King Saul's army, but they *were* afraid of Goliath; so for forty days he had stood forth and called to the Israelites, and none had dared to go against him.

Three of David's brothers were soldiers, and Jesse called David to leave his sheep and go with food to them, and to see if they were in need of anything. How glad David was to go! He would see the soldiers, and perhaps his brothers might let him stay awhile with them!

Just as he reached the army he heard a great shouting. He hastened to find his brothers, and then Goliath appeared. David asked what the noise and excitement was all about.

When his brothers told him, he ran to King Saul and said that he would go and fight Goliath. But Saul was fearful, for David was only a boy, unused to war, while Goliath had long been a soldier.

Then David told the king that he was strong, and he told him, too, how a lion and a bear had come into his father's flock, and he had slain them both. And he said, "God, who gave me strength to kill the lion and the bear, will make me strong to kill this giant, and save my country from these Philistines."

King Saul no longer hesitated. "Go, and the Lord be with thee," he said.

Then he sent his son Jonathan for his own armor, and he put it on David, but David said he could not wear it, for it was so heavy it would only keep him from winning.

So he took his staff, and he chose five smooth stones out of the brook,

which he put into his shepherd's bag, and with his sling in his hand he drew near to the giant.

Goliath marched forward, and when he saw David he laughed at him, because he was only a lad. But David said, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord."

Then David put his hand into his bag and took out a stone, and putting it into his sling sent it straight into the giant's forehead. Goliath fell upon his face to the earth!

When the army of the Philistines saw that their leader was dead, they fled, and King Saul's soldiers drove them back to their own country.

David grew to be a man, wise and good, and he became king of the Israelites, whom he had saved from the Philistines.

APRIL

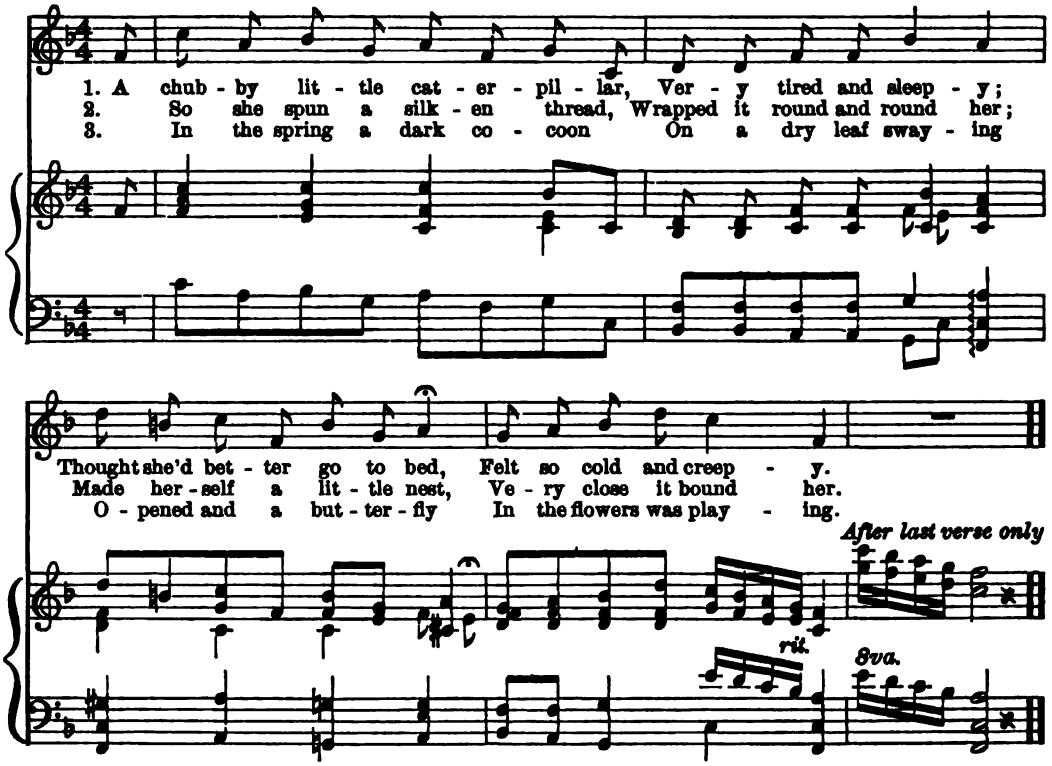
EASTER THOUGHT

BIBLE VERSE. — God is Love. — I. John 4: 8.

LESSONS. — 1. The Creation.
2. The Return of Spring.
3. The Bird's Nest.
4. Another Journey to Jerusalem.
5. A Lesson of Faith.

BIBLE SELECTION. — From the Psalms.
He covereth the heaven with clouds.
He prepareth rain for the earth.
He maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food.

NATURE TALK. — Re-awakening of Life. Return of the birds, swelling of buds, cocoons, signs of Spring.

THE COCOON

1. A chub - by lit - tle cat - er - pil - lar, Ver - y tired and sleep - y;
2. So she spun a silk - en thread, Wrapped it round and round her;
3. In the spring a dark co - coon On a dry leaf sway - ing
Thought she'd bet - ter go to bed, Felt so cold and creep - y.
Made her - self a lit - tle nest, Ve - ry close it bound her.
O - pened and a but - ter - fly In the flowers was play - ing.
After last verse only
rit.
8va.

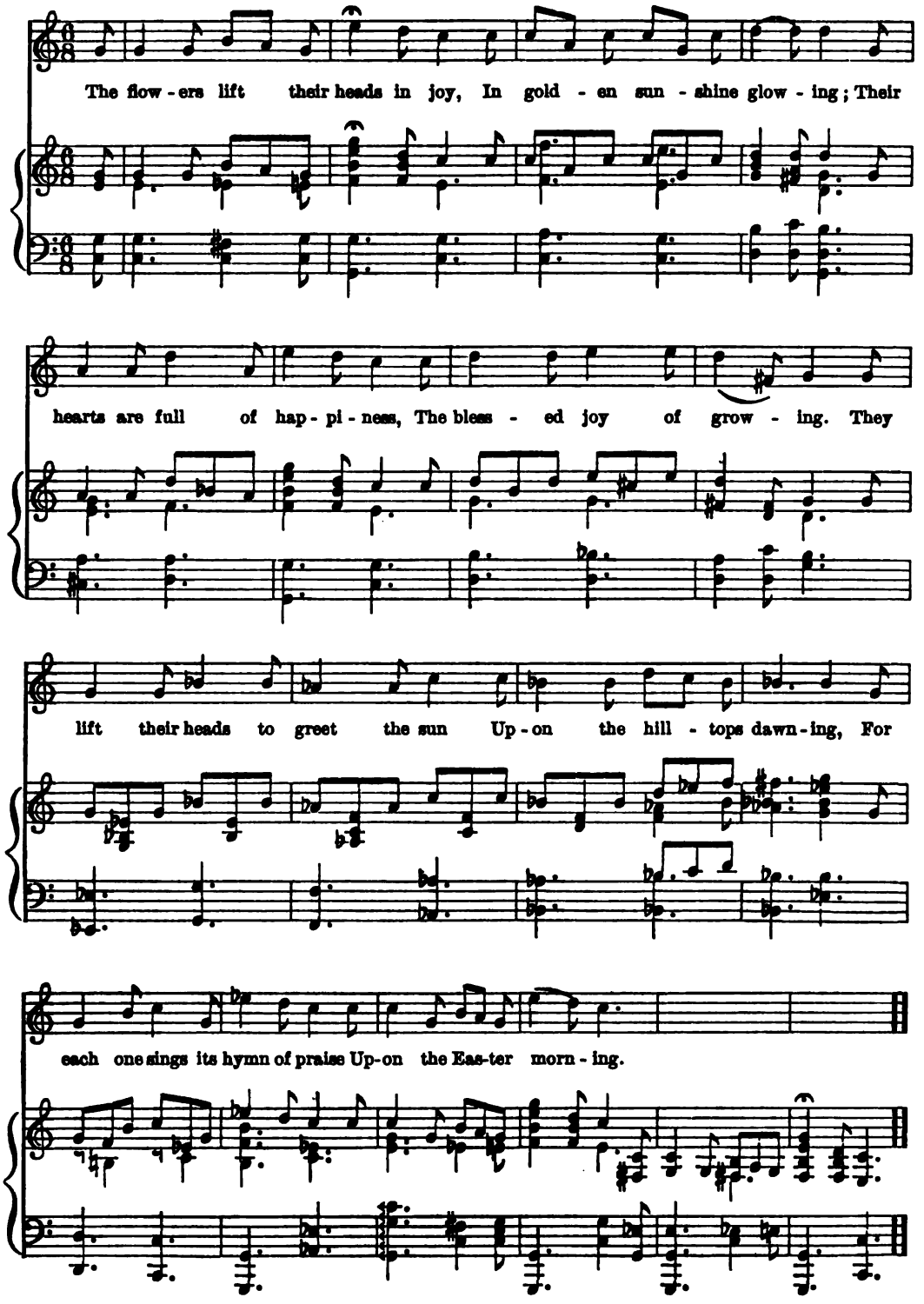
THE COCOON

A chubby little caterpillar,
  Very tired and sleepy;
Thought she'd better go to bed,
  Felt so cold and creepy.

So she spun a silken thread,
  Wrapped it round and round her;
Made herself a little nest,
  Very close it bound her.

In the spring a dark cocoon
  On a dry leaf swaying
Opened and a butterfly
  In the flowers was playing.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

EASTER THOUGHT

The flow - ers lift their heads in joy, In gold - en sun - shine glow - ing; Their
hearts are full of hap - pi - ness, The bless - ed joy of grow - ing. They
lift their heads to greet the sun Up - on the hill - tops dawn - ing, For
each one sings its hymn of praise Up-on the Eas-ter morn - ing.

EASTER THOUGHT

The flowers lift their heads in joy,
  In golden sunshine glowing;
Their hearts are full of happiness,
  The blessed joy of growing.

They lift their heads to greet the sun
  Upon the hilltops dawning,
For each one sings its hymn of praise
  Upon the Easter morning.

CELIA STANDISH.

I

THE CREATION

Genesis 1

Let us look out of the window. Who will tell what we can see? (Let the children talk freely about grass, trees, flowers, clouds, etc.) Did you ever think who made all these things? We see them so often that we do not stop to think about them. What should we do without the sunshine, without water to drink, and without the trees and grass and flowers? Shall we say together who made all these beautiful things for us to enjoy? Let us say it softly — God.

Long, long ago, people wondered how it was that all these things were made, and in the Bible there is a story which tells how people thought God made the world.

Long, long, very long ago, there were no houses and streets, no trees nor flowers, no grass, no birds, no animals, no people, only a great dark empty space.

Then God said, " Let there be light," and the rays of light began to shine through the darkness. God saw the light that it was good, and He called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night.

The story says that God made the light the first day; but we know now that the days were very, very long, longer than we can ever think about, for God made the world grow slowly, so it should be as He wished it.

On the second day, God made the heavens, or sky. Then God said, " Let the waters be gathered in one place and let the dry land appear," and so the earth and the seas were made.

Then God wished the earth to be beautiful, so He said, " Let the grass grow, and the trees and the flowers." And they began to grow, and God saw that it was all good. And that was the end of the third day.

But all was quiet, for there were no birds, nor animals, nor humming bees or other insects.

On the fourth day God made the sun to shine by day on this new beautiful earth, and the moon and stars to give light by night. And now that there was sunshine, the quiet world was ready for living creatures.

On the fifth day God said, " Let the fishes live in the sea, and let the birds live in the air." And He made great fishes and small ones, too, and the air was full of singing birds.

Then God blessed the fishes and the birds that He had made.

Still there were no people to live on the earth, to walk through the forests, to see the flowers and listen to the birds. On the sixth day God said, " Let all kinds of animals live upon the earth," and there were animals of every kind. Then, last of all, God made man. He wished him to rule over the whole earth and all the animals, so He made him wiser than any of them. He gave him power to love and to think and to know what is right.

God blessed man, and said that he might have all these good things on the earth for his use, and to make him happy.

Then God saw all that He had made, — the light and the heavens, the land and the sea, the trees, the grass and the flowers, the sun and moon and stars, the fishes and birds and insects, the animals and man, — and He knew that it was all good.

The next day was the seventh day, and God rested, and He called it a holy day and blessed it, and He said that on that day people should rest.

II

THE RETURN OF SPRING

Talk with the children about the signs of spring. Recall the aspect of Nature in the autumn, the bright foliage, the going to sleep of the flowers, the departure of the birds. Speak of the winter, the frost and the snow, and emphasize God's care of all things.

Have branches with opening buds (the horse-chestnut buds are especially good).

One winter's day two little children went for a walk. They saw the field, where they had gathered daisies and buttercups in the summer, lying hard and bare. The trees had lost their leaves, and the bushes looked brown and dead. No pretty butterflies flew past, all was quiet. As the children looked around, they said: "I wonder where all the flowers are? I wonder what has become of the green grass, and the butterflies?"

When they went home they said: "Oh, Mother, the grass and the flowers are dead; we saw no pretty butterflies, and the trees look brown and bare!"

Their mother said, "The grass and the flowers, the trees and the bushes, are sleeping, and in the spring they will wake up and grow again."

The children looked surprised, and their mother said: "All summer the grass grew green and fresh to make our lawns beautiful, and to make hay for the farmer's cattle; the flowers made honey for the bees and seeds for us to plant; the trees made fruit and nuts, and their leaves gave shade on the hot days. When autumn came their work was done. They needed a long rest, so they went to sleep, and they will sleep all winter. But when the spring comes with warm sunshine and blue skies they will wake up and grow again."

Then the children said, "How do the grass and flowers and trees know when to wake up?" "God knows," replied their mother, "and he sends the warm sunbeams down into the ground where all things are sleeping. They warm the earth and say, 'Wake up, wake up!' They shine on the trees and bushes, and the buds begin to swell. They warm the cocoons where the caterpillars are sleeping, and they begin to stir. Then God sends the warm spring rain, and that, too, says, 'Wake up, wake up!'"

Every day the children watched. The sky grew bluer, the sunshine grew warmer, and the days grew longer. The fields began to look green, and the buds on the trees and bushes began to open, and the tiny plants began to show above the brown earth.

They went again into the fields, and they knew that the winter was gone, and that God had sent the springtime once more.

III

THE BIRD'S NEST

Show a nest. Talk with the children about it, and about the places where birds build their nests. Emphasize the skill of the birds, the patience, and finally the love for the baby birds.

The sky was blue and clear and the apple trees were clothed in pink and white. The sun was warm and bright and the birds were singing blithely.

Two birds were flitting in and out among the branches in search of a place to build their nest. All winter they had been in the warm South, but now that spring had come they had returned.

They flew about until they found a long branch on the elm tree just outside the orchard. At the end of the branch they began to weave their nest. It was high in the air and the branch rocked to and fro in the gentle breezes.

The birds found pieces of string, a bit of yarn, and long blades of dried grass. The father bird found some tough strips of milkweed, and they wove them in and out, and fastened them securely to the branches. Busily they worked, singing their glad songs, until there hung a deep cradle nest from the elm branch.

Then how glad they were! The mother bird laid five eggs in it, and for many days she sat patiently on them, keeping them warm beneath her soft breast. The father bird brought her food, and sang gaily from a branch near by.

One day the mother bird felt something moving in the nest, and she heard a faint "Peep! peep!" Then her joy knew no bounds, for in the nest were five wee birds! How busy both father and mother bird were then finding food for their babies. They brought worms and insects, strawberries from the fields, and water in their bills. All day they flew about in search of food, returning often to the nest to make sure their babies were safe.

At night the wind rocked the baby birds to sleep, and the father and mother bird tucked their heads under their wings and slept on a branch close by the nest.

Every day the baby birds grew bigger. Their feathers grew soft and thick and soon it was time for them to learn to fly. Then father and mother bird were proud indeed. The father bird flew a little way and said "Peep, peep! Do this, do this." At first the baby birds were afraid, but by and by they spread their wings and tried. Each time they tried they could fly a little farther until one day they found that they could fly as far as father and mother bird.

While the summer lasted they stayed, darting in and out among the branches, making the orchard bright with their gay plumage; but when autumn came and the days grew cold they flew away to the sunny South.

They left behind the empty nest which they no longer needed. For when they return to the elm tree they will build a new nest in a new place.

IV

ANOTHER JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM

Matthew 21. (For Palm Sunday)

Recall the visit of the boy Jesus to Jerusalem. Tell again of the numbers of people who went each year, of their gladness and joy at the time. Recall also Jesus' interest in the Temple.

When Jesus returned to Nazareth with Mary and Joseph he tried each day to do what they asked of him; he was thoughtful, gentle, and obedient, and so the years went by.

His love for all the beautiful world, for the birds, the flowers, and trees, for babies and boys and girls, and for men and women, grew stronger each day, until, when he became a man, he left his home and went out into the world to try to help people.

Many there were who came to him; some were blind and he made them see, others were lame and he made them walk; still others were sick and he made them well; and some came to him who were sad and disheartened and he showed them how to live joyously and contentedly by doing for others.

It was the time of year when all the Hebrew people were turning their thoughts toward Jerusalem, and many were turning their steps thither, to thank God for all His blessings. Jesus and his friends were going too.

They had been staying in a little village near Jerusalem, called Bethany, and when the time came to go to the great Temple, Jesus sent two of his disciples to another village to bring him a colt which he told them they would find tied to a tree.

They hastened to do his bidding and found the colt just as Jesus had said, and the mother was feeding near. They were about to untie the colt when the boy who owned him came and asked what they were doing. The disciples said, " The Lord hath need of him," and the boy gladly let them lead the colt away, the mother following close beside.

The owner hurried after them, wondering what it was all about, and soon they came to the place where Jesus was waiting for them.

Jesus mounted the colt, and the little company started for Jerusalem. They were joined by others, and after a while they began to sing.

Some of the children ran on ahead, and, climbing the palm trees, broke off the great beautiful leaves and waved them; some pulled off the leaves from the olive trees and scattered them in the road. Still others took off their cloaks and spread them in the path, making a bright carpet for Jesus to ride over.

More and more people joined the company, and louder and louder grew the singing as the news spread that Jesus the great teacher was on his way to Jerusalem.

But when they reached the Temple Jesus was indignant. There in the place which had been built for the worship of God were traders buying and selling sheep and doves. Jesus spoke sharply to them, overturned their tables and drove out the animals.

Then he sat down, and wondered how he could best teach these people. As he sat there, filled with sadness, people came to him begging that he would help them. There were blind people and lame people, and Jesus put his hands on them and blessed them, each and every one, and made them well again. So with great joy and thankfulness in their hearts, and a song on their lips, they went into the temple.

Once more the throng began to sing:

" Hosanna to the Son of David.

" Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

" Hosanna in the highest."

Jesus loved the singing, and he talked to the people, and all who saw his kind face and heard his voice knew that he was their friend.

V

A LESSON OF FAITH

From Parables of Nature

Show a cocoon. Talk about the caterpillar and how he spun it and crawled away for the winter.

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage leaf, in her odd, lumbering way. "See these little eggs," continued the Butterfly; "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my baby butterflies when I am gone? Will *you,* kind, mild, green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Caterpillar! They cannot, of course, live on *your* rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly about only a little way at first; for, of course, one can't expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you do not fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage leaf! What a place for young butterflies to be born upon! Still, you will be kind, will you not, to the poor little ones? Here, take this gold-dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar, you will remember about the food—"

And with these words the Butterfly drooped her wings and died; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying yes or no to the request, was left standing alone beside the Butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her, or she never would have asked a poor, crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones! Much they'll mind me, truly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose! Ah! how silly some people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold-dust on their wings!"

However, the poor Butterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage leaf; and the green Caterpillar had a kind heart, so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all night round her young charges, for fear any harm should come to them; and in the morning said she to herself: "Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter, and get advice. How should a poor, crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters?"

But still there was a difficulty — whom should the Caterpillar consult? There was the Shaggy Dog, who sometimes came into the garden. But he was so rough! he would most likely whisk all the eggs off the cabbage leaf with one brush of his tail, if she called him near enough to talk to her, and then she should never forgive herself. There was the Tom Cat, to be sure,

who would sometimes sit at the foot of the apple tree, basking himself and warming his fur in the sunshine; but he was so selfish and indifferent! — there was no hope of his giving himself the trouble to think about Butterflies' eggs. "I wonder which is the wisest of all the animals I know?" sighed the Caterpillar, in great distress; and then she thought and thought, till at last she thought of the Lark; and she fancied that because he went up so high, and nobody knew where he went to, he must be very clever and know a great deal; for to go up very high (which *she* could never do) was the Caterpillar's idea of perfect glory. Now, in the neighboring cornfield, there lived a Lark, and the Caterpillar sent a message to him to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to do to feed and rear the little creatures so different from herself.

"Perhaps you will be able to inquire, and hear something about it next time you go up high," observed the Caterpillar, timidly.

The Lark said, "Perhaps he should;" but he did not satisfy her curiosity any further. Soon afterwards, however, he went singing upwards into the bright blue sky. By degrees his voice died away in the distance, till the green Caterpillar could not hear a sound. It is nothing to say she could not see him; for, poor thing! she never could see far at any time, and had a difficulty in looking upwards at all, even when she reared herself up most carefully, which she did now; but it was of no use, so she dropped upon her legs again, and resumed her walk around the Butterfly's eggs, nibbling a bit of cabbage leaf now and then as she moved along.

"What a time the Lark has been gone!" she cried at last. "I wonder where he is just now! I would give all my legs to know! He must have flown higher than usual this time, I do think. How I should like to know where it is that he goes to, and what he hears in that curious blue sky! He always sings going up and coming down, but he never lets any secret out. He is very close, very close!"

And the green Caterpillar took another turn round the Butterfly's eggs.

At last the Lark's voice began to be heard again. The Caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descend with hushed note to the cabbage bed.

"News, news, glorious news, friend Caterpillar!" sang the Lark; "but the worst of it is, you won't believe me."

"I believe everything I am told," observed the Caterpillar, hastily.

"Well, then, first of all, I will tell you what these little creatures are to eat," and the Lark nodded his beak towards the eggs. "What do you think it is to be? Guess!"

"Dew, and honey out of flowers, I am afraid," sighed the Caterpillar.

"No such thing, old lady! Something simpler than that. Something that *you* can get at quite easily."

"I can get at nothing quite easily but cabbage leaves," murmured the Caterpillar, in distress.

"Excellent! my good friend," cried the Lark, exultingly; "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage leaves."

"*Never!*" cried the Caterpillar, indignantly. "It was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing."

"Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter," persisted the Lark, "but why do you ask me and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust."

"Oh, I believe everything I am told!" said the Caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the Lark, "you won't believe me, even about the food, and yet that is but a beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, Caterpillar, what do you think those eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure," said the Caterpillar.

"*Caterpillars*," sang the Lark; "and you'll find it out in time:" and the Lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend.

"I thought the Lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild, green Caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, "but I find he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up *too* high this time. Ah, it's a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude, nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder whom he sees and what he does up yonder."

"I would tell you, if you would believe me," sang the Lark, descending once more.

"I believe everything I am told," reiterated the Caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact.

"Then I'll tell you something else," cried the Lark, "for the best of my news remains behind: "*You will one day be a Butterfly yourself.*"

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the Caterpillar. "You jest with my inferiority. Now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more."

"I told you you would not believe me," cried the Lark, nettled in his turn.

"I believe everything I am told," persisted the Caterpillar; "that is —" and she hesitated —"everything that is *reasonable* to believe. But to tell me that Butterflies' eggs are Caterpillars, and that Caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings and become Butterflies! Lark, you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible!"

"I know no such thing," said the Lark, warmly. "Whether I hover over the cornfields of earth, or go up into the depths of the sky, I see so many wonderful things, I know no reason why there should not be more. O Caterpillar; it is because you crawl, because you never get beyond your cabbage leaf, that you call *any* thing *impossible*.

"Nonsense!" shouted the Caterpillar, "I know what's possible and what's not possible according to my experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long, green body and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted, feathery coat! Fool!"

"And fool you! you would-be-wise Caterpillar!" cried the Lark. "Fool, to attempt to reason about what you cannot understand. Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upwards to the mysterious wonder world above? O Caterpillar; what comes to you from thence, receive, as *I* do upon trust."

"That is what you call —"

"*Faith*," interrupted the Lark.

"How am I to learn faith?" asked the Caterpillar.

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked round — eight or ten little Caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage leaf. They had broken from the Butterfly's eggs!

Shame and amazement filled our green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for, as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so, too.

"Teach me your lesson, Lark," she would say, and the Lark sang to her

of the wonders of the earth below and of the heavens above. And the Caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a Butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She, nevertheless, had learned the Lark's lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis grave she said, "I shall be a Butterfly some day!"

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a Butterfly, and was going to die again, she said: "I have known many wonders, — I have faith, — I can trust even now for what shall come next.

MARGARET GATTY.

MAY

OUR LOVE TO OTHERS

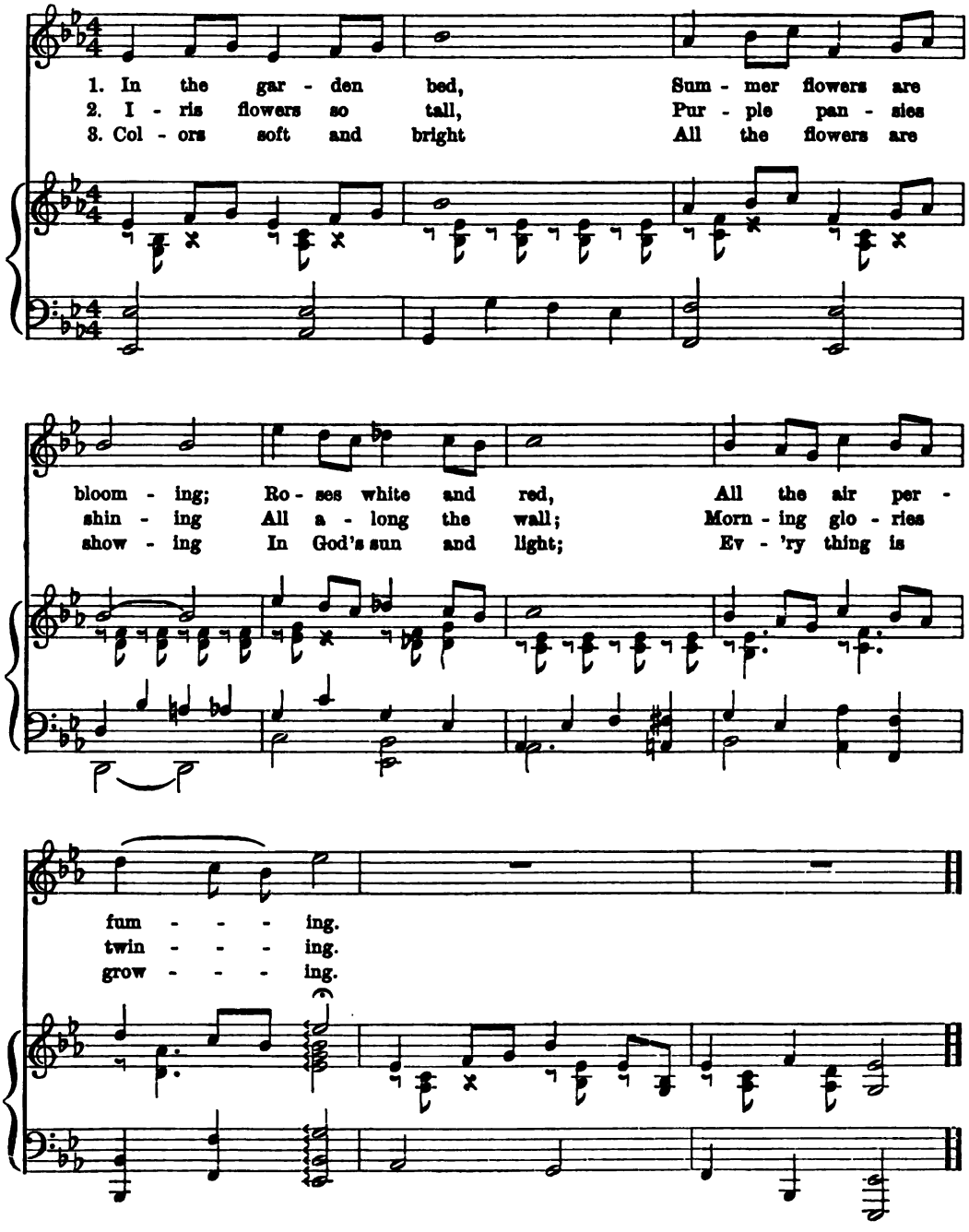
BIBLE VERSE. — Let us love one another, for love is of God. — I. John 4: 7.

LESSONS. — 1. Who Loves Best.
2. David and Jonathan.
3. The Story of Dorcas.
4. The Good Samaritan.
5. The Good Shepherd.

BIBLE SELECTION. — Genesis 1.

And God said, Let there be light, and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night.

NATURE TALK. — The Light — how it helps growth. Just touch on the "light within ourselves."

NATURE SONG

1. In the gar - den bed, Sum - mer flowers are
2. I - ris flowers so tall, Pur - ple pan - sies
3. Col - ors soft and bright All the flowers are
bloom - ing; Ro - ses white and red, All the air per -
shin - ing All a - long the wall; Morn - ing glo - ries
show - ing In God's sun and light; Ev - 'ry thing is
fum - - - ing.
twin - - - ing.
grow - - - ing.

SUMMER TIME

In the garden bed,
  Summer flowers are blooming;
Roses white and red,
  All the air perfuming.

Iris flowers so tall,
  Purple pansies shining
All along the wall;
  Morning glories twining.

Colors soft and bright
  All the flowers are showing
In God's sun and light;
  Everything is growing.

ANNE KENDRICK BENEDICT.

I

WHO LOVES BEST

From "Little-Folk Tales," Hawthorne Reader Series (author unknown)

Talk with the children about the members of their families. Lead them to tell what each one does to contribute to the welfare and happiness of the whole.

"I love you, Mother," said little Nell,
"I love you more than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother was glad when she went to play.

"I love you, Mother," said little John.
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the wood and water to bring.

"I love you, Mother," said rosy Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all that I can.
How glad I am school does not keep!"
Then she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly she brought the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room.
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as a child should be.

"I love you, Mother," again they said,
Three little children, going to bed.
And how do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

II

DAVID AND JONATHAN

I. Samuel 18: 1-5; 20: 1-12

How many of you have a little friend? (Let the children tell about them and their association with them.)

Our story to-day is about two friends, and I think when you hear their names you will remember them. The name of one was Jonathan, the son of King Saul; the other was David, who killed the great Goliath.

After David had killed the giant, he was taken to the king's tent. There he saw a young man about his own age, who listened eagerly to all that David said to the king. It was Jonathan, the prince, and he looked at David with sparkling eyes, for he admired people who were brave and strong. How glad he was when he heard the king, his father, say that David should go no more to his own home.

Now Jonathan wore fine clothes, while David wore those of a simple shepherd boy. Jonathan, to show his love for David, took off his own cloak and gave it to him, and he gave him all that he had, even to his sword and his bow, and the girdle which he wore about his waist.

Together they went out to guard the king from his enemies. But often they talked quietly together, and they played games, too; and sometimes David played for Jonathan on his harp, which he loved as well as when he was tending his father's sheep on the lonely hillside.

As each day went by, Jonathan loved David more, and they promised to be true friends always, to guard one another in time of danger, and to love each other well.

King Saul sent David to many places to fight the enemies of the country, and he won many victories. Because of this the people loved him, and praised him.

All this praise from the people made King Saul angry, for he grew afraid that their love for David was greater than their love for him; and he trembled lest they should put David in his place as king.

Now Jonathan saw his father's anger, and it made him sorry, for he knew that it would not be safe for David to stay. He pleaded with the king, but all to no purpose, and finally David was forced to hide himself in the fields.

Again Jonathan begged Saul to be friends with David, to love him as he had at first, but Saul only grew more angry. Then Jonathan sought David in his hiding-place, and Jonathan took David in his arms and kissed him, sorrowfully.

He watched David hurry away across the fields, then he turned and went back to his father's tent, lonely and sad. But although he missed his friend more each day, he was glad that David was safe.

III

THE LOVING DEEDS OF DORCAS

Acts 9: 36

Tell me some of the things Mother does for you? Encourage the children to talk freely, and lead them to realize how much their mothers do for the comfort and happiness of those at home.

In a house in the city of Joppa a woman sat sewing. She lived all alone, for she had no little children to take care of, and yet she was always busy.

Now she was working on a dress for a little child, while near by was a pile of garments she had already finished. As she worked, she sang, and if you could have looked into her face you would have seen that it was a most kind and loving one.

At last the little dress was done, and Dorcas, for that was the woman's name, put it into a basket with the other garments, and left the house. She walked rapidly down the road until she came to a house where a poor widow lived with her family of little children. She had to work hard all day to earn money, so she had no time to sew, and the little children needed so many things.

Dorcas went inside and left some of the little dresses, and comforts for the mother as well. Then she hastened on down the street with her basket.

Soon she stopped at another house, and there again she opened her basket. Here a little child was sick, and Dorcas helped the mother bathe him and make him comfortable, and then she took from the basket good things for the little boy to eat, that he might get well the quicker. She helped the mother with her work, for all night she had kept loving watch beside her sick child, and she was very tired.

So Dorcas went from house to house until the day was done, and she turned her steps homeward with an empty basket to be sure, but with her heart full of the memories of the dancing eyes and happy faces she had left behind her.

As she passed the well, where the women of the city were drawing water, one said to the other: "There goes Dorcas. She has been busy all day doing kind deeds."

IV

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Luke 10: 30-37

Did you ever get hurt? Who took care of you? What did she do? Yes; she bound up the cut, and she put something on the bruise to make it hurt less. Then she kissed you, and that made you feel quite well again, didn't it?

Once upon a time a man was walking from Jerusalem to Jericho. The road was hilly and rough, and the high rocks on either side made it very lonely. Presently he saw some one coming towards him, and hoped he was to have company; but they were wicked thieves, who took away his clothes and his money, and they hurt him and left him lying by the roadside.

As he lay there, wondering how he should reach Jericho, he heard footsteps. Soon a man came by, on his way to Jerusalem. He saw the wounded man, but he passed by on the other side of the road.

And another man came and looked at the wounded man, but he, too, went away.

Finally there came a Samaritan, and he, seeing some one lying by the roadside, went to him and was sorry for the poor man. He knelt down and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine to soothe them, and lifted him, tenderly, to his own donkey's back. Then he led the donkey to an inn, and he stayed there all night to take care of the wounded man.

The next day, when he was leaving, he gave some money to the innkeeper, and said, "Take care of him, and whatever you spend more than this, I will repay you when I come again."

Then he went his way, leaving the man to get well and strong, and able to start on his journey again.

V

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Luke 15: 3-7

Did you ever get lost? Who helped you to find your way home. (Let the children tell their experiences, and if the teacher has any to tell let her give it in simple story form to the children.)

It was growing dark, and a shepherd was leading his flock from the pasture back to the sheep-fold. All day they had been roaming about the fields, eating the green grass, drinking from the cool stream, or lying under the trees; and all day the shepherd had kept careful watch. Sometimes they stayed out all night, but this day looked like a storm, so he was taking them to the shelter of the fold.

The shepherd opened the door and the sheep and lambs walked slowly in. As they passed by, the shepherd counted them, and when all were in he looked troubled; in the morning there had been a hundred, now there were but ninety-nine. One was missing; where could it be this stormy night?

The wind howled outside, it was dark, growing cold, and the rain was beginning to fall. The shepherd was thinking of the poor little lamb, all alone out in the storm. He took his long staff and his lantern, and, locking the door of the fold, started back toward the pasture. He called and called, and he searched among all the bushes and down among the rocks.

The rain fell faster and faster, but still the shepherd went on searching and calling. When he had gone a long, long way, he thought he heard a faint Baa-a-a! baa-a-a! He stood still and listened. Again he heard it. It seemed to come from down among a great pile of rocks off from the path. He went quickly, and holding his lantern over the opening, he looked down. There, lying wet and cold, he saw the little lamb. The shepherd climbed down, and taking the lamb in his arms held it close against his soft, warm mantle.

Then he hurried back to the fold, and he warmed the little lamb, and found the softest, best place in the fold for it to sleep that night. When he had made sure that everything was done, and that all his flock was comfortable he went home. He was tired and cold and wet after his long walk in the rain, but happy in knowing that the little lamb was safe.

JUNE

THE GOOD CHILD

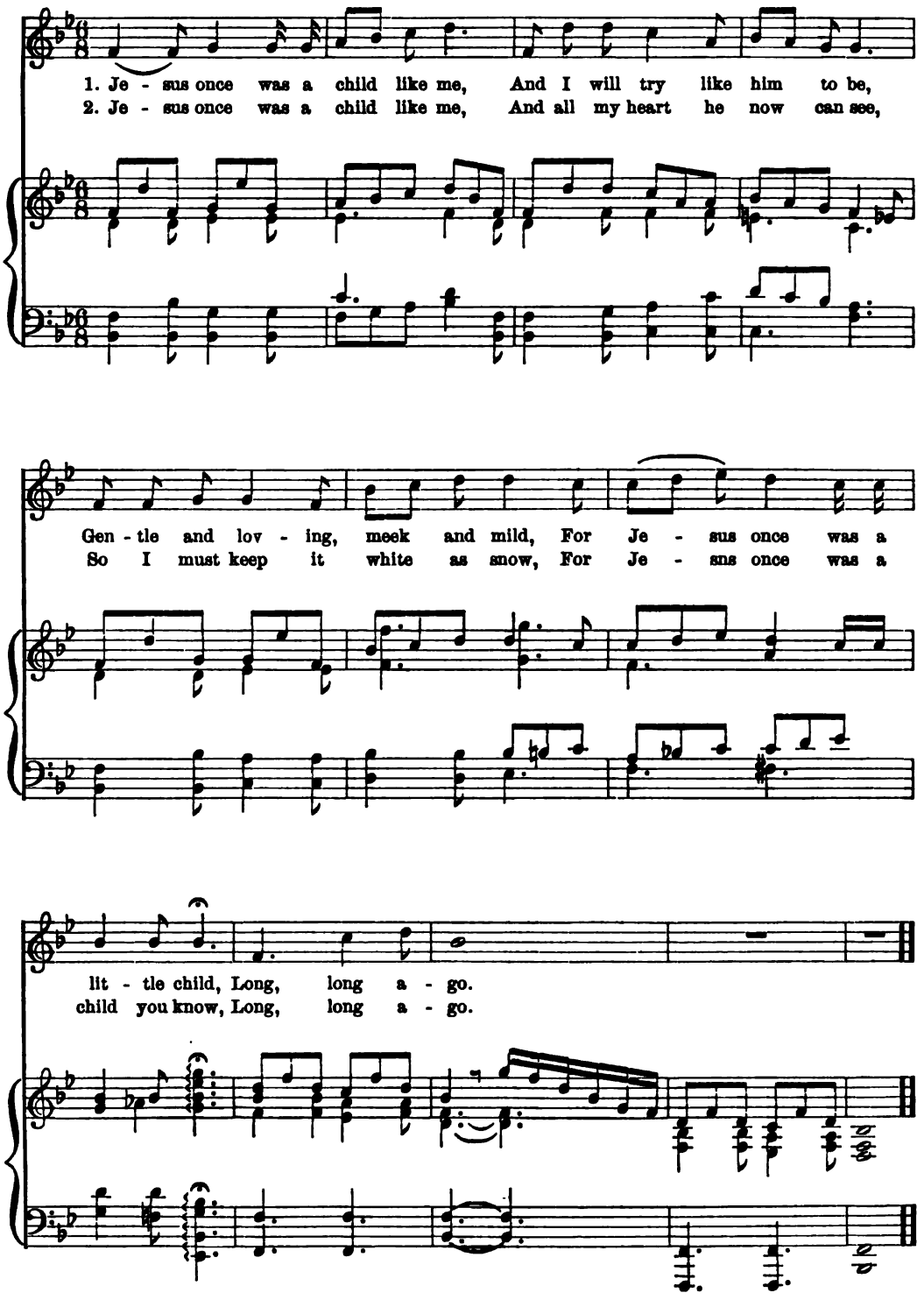
BIBLE VERSE. — And the child grew and waxed strong, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him. — Luke 2: 40.

LESSONS. — 1. The Childhood of Jesus Re-told.
2. Jesus and the Children (for Children's Sunday).
3. A Story of Obedience Re-told.
4. A Story of Helpfulness Re-told.
5. The Search for the Good Child.

BIBLE SELECTION. — Psalm 117.

Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations!
Praise Him, all ye people.
For His loving kindness is great toward us;
And the truth of the Lord endureth forever.
Praise ye the Lord.

NATURE TALK. — The flowers — gardens.

HYMN

1. Je - sus once was a child like me, And I will try like him to be,
2. Je - sus once was a child like me, And all my heart he now can see,
Gen - tle and lov - ing, meek and mild, For Je - sus once was a
So I must keep it white as snow, For Je - sus once was a
lit - tle child, Long, long a - go.
child you know, Long, long a - go.

JESUS WAS A CHILD

Jesus once was a child like me,
And I will try like him to be,
Gentle and loving, meek and mild,
For Jesus once was a little child,
Long, long ago.

Jesus once was a child like me,
And all my heart he now can see,
So I must keep it white as snow,
For Jesus once was a child you know,
Long, long ago.

CELIA STANDISH.

I

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS RE-TOLD

(See January)

II

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN

Matthew 18: 15-19

For Children's Sunday

To-day we are going to have a story about Jesus when he grew to be a man.

God had given Jesus a great love in his heart, love for all people. And he went about among them, helping them in all the ways he could, and teaching them how to be good.

One day, when he and his disciples — friends who went about with him to help him and learn from him — had been traveling a long way over the hot, dusty roads, they sat down to rest in the shade of a tree.

Many people heard that Jesus was near, and they came to see him. And some of the mothers wanted so much that their children should see him and listen to him, for they knew that they would always remember his kind face and gentle way.

So on this day they, too, came,— mothers with tiny babies in their arms, mothers with little children just learning to walk, and mothers with older children skipping joyously along by their side.

Now when Jesus' disciples saw them coming, they would have sent them away, for Jesus was very tired, and they felt he ought to rest. But Jesus heard them, and he said, " Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then Jesus took the children in his arms and blessed them; and he looked into their eyes and talked to them of the dear loving Father who watches over and loves little children.

He had such a beautiful smile, and he spoke so gently that even the tiny babies who had not been out of Mother's arms many times before nestled close to him and were not afraid; the children, too, climbed up on his knee and listened to all he had to say.

Jesus was so happy to see such glad children and such contented mothers that he forgot how tired he was. After they had gone, and he and his disciples were alone again, he told his disciples that they must learn to be like little children,— friendly and trusting and full of love.

III

A STORY OF OBEDIENCE RE-TOLD

(See February)

IV

A STORY OF HELPFULNESS RE-TOLD

(See March)

V

THE SEARCH FOR THE GOOD CHILD

We have had stories about children who obeyed, and children who gave love to Mother and Father, and children who helped. We call all these what kind of children? Yes, good. To-day I am going to tell you of another good child.

Long, long ago there lived, in a kingdom far away, five knights, who were so good and so wise that each one was known by a name that meant something beautiful.

The first knight was called Sir Brian the Brave. He had killed the great lion that came out of the forest to frighten the women and children; had slain a dragon, and had saved a princess from a burning castle; for he was afraid of nothing under the sun.

The second knight was Gerald the Glad, who was so happy himself that he made everybody around him happy, too; for his sweet smile and cheery words were so comforting that none could be sad or cross or angry when he was near.

Sir Kenneth the Kind was the third knight, and he won his name by his tender heart. Even the creatures of the wood knew and loved him, for he never hurt anything that God had made.

The fourth knight had a face as beautiful as his name, and he was called Percival the Pure. He thought beautiful thoughts, said beautiful words, and did beautiful deeds, for he kept his whole life as lovely as a garden full of flowers without a single weed.

Tristram the True was the fifth knight, and he was leader of them all.

The king of the country trusted these five knights; and one morning, in the early spring-time, he called them to him and said:

"My trusty knights, I am growing old, and I long to see in my kingdom many knights like you to take care of my people; and so I will send you through all my kingdom to choose for me a little boy who may live at my court and learn from you those things which a knight must know. Only a good child can be chosen. A good child is worth more than a kingdom. And when you have found him, bring him, if he will come willingly, to me, and I shall be happy in my old age."

Now the knights were well pleased with the words of the king; and at the first peep of day they were ready for their journey, and rode down the king's highway with waving plumes and shining shields.

No sooner had they started on their journey than the news spread abroad over the country, and many fathers and mothers, who were anxious for the favor of the king, sent messengers to invite the knights to visit them.

The parents' messages were so full of praises of their children that the knights scarcely knew where to go. Some of the parents said that their sons were beautiful; some said theirs were smart; but as the knights cared nothing for a child who was not good, they did not hurry to see these children.

On the second day, however, as they rode along, they met a company of men in very fine clothes, who bowed down before them, and while the knights drew rein in astonishment, a little man stepped in front of the others to speak to them.

He was a fat little man with a fat little voice, and he told the knights that he had come to invite them to the castle of the Baron Borribald, whose son, Florimond, was the most wonderful child in the world.

"Oh, there is nothing he cannot do," cried the fat little man, whose name was Puff. "You must hear him talk! You must see him walk!"

So the knights followed him, and when they had reached the castle, Florimond ran to meet them. He was a merry little fellow, with long, fair curls and rosy cheeks, and when he saw the fine horses, he clapped his hands with delight. The baron and baroness, too, were well pleased with their visitors, and made a feast in their honor; but early the next morning the knights were startled by a most awful sound, which seemed to come from the hall below.

"Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!" It sounded something like the howling of a dog, but as they listened it grew louder and louder until it sounded like the roaring of a lion.

The knights seized their swords and rushed down to see what was the matter, and there, in the middle of the hall, stood Florimond, his cheeks puffed up and his eyes swollen, and right out of his open mouth came that terrible noise, "Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

His mama and papa were begging him to be quiet. The cook had run up with a pie, and the nurse with a toy, but Florimond only opened his mouth and screamed the louder, because the rain was coming down when he wanted to play out-of-doors!

Then the knights saw that they were not wanted, and they hurried upstairs to prepare for their journey.

The knights did not care to stay with a child who was not good.

"Let each take his own way," said Tristram the True, "and to-morrow we will meet under this same tree and tell what we have seen, for the time draws near when we must return to the king."

Then they bade each other farewell, and each rode away, except Sir Tristram, who lingered long under the oak tree, for he was the leader, and had many things to think about.

Just as the sun was red in the west, he saw a little boy coming towards him, with a bundle of sticks on his back.

"Greeting to you, little boy," said he.

"Greeting to you, fair sir," said the boy, looking up with eager eyes at the knight on his splendid horse, that stood so still when the knight bade it,

"What is your name?" asked the knight.

"My name is little Gauvain," replied the child.

"And can you prove a trusty guide, little Gauvain, and lead me to a pleasant place, where I may rest to-night?" asked the knight.

"Ay, that I can," Gauvain answered, gladly, his whole face lighting up with pleasure; but he added, quickly, "I can if you will wait until I carry my sticks to Granny Slowsteps, and bring her water from the spring, for I promised to be there before the setting of the sun."

Now little Gauvain wanted to help the good knight so much that he was sorry to say this; but Sir Tristram told him to run, and promised to wait patiently until his return; and before many moments Gauvain was back, bounding like a fawn through the wood, to lead the way to his own home.

When they came there the little dog ran out to meet them, the cat rubbed up against Gauvain, and the mother called from the kitchen:

"Is that my sunbeam come home to roost?" which made Gauvain and the knight both laugh.

Then the mother came out in haste to welcome the stranger, and she treated him with honor, giving him the best place at the table and the hottest cakes.

She and little Gauvain lived all alone, for the father had gone to the wars when Gauvain was a baby, and had died fighting for the king.

She had cows, horses, pigs, hens, chickens, and a dog and a cat, and one treasure greater than a kingdom, for she had a good child in her house.

Sir Tristram found this out very soon, for little Gauvain ran when he was called, remembered the dog and the cat when he had eaten his own supper, and went to bed when he was told without fretting. . . .

Sir Tristram was so glad of this that he could scarcely wait for the time to come when he should meet his comrades under the oak tree.

"I have found a child whom you must see," he said, as soon as they came together.

"And so have I," cried Gerald the Glad.

"And I," exclaimed Kenneth the Kind.

"And I," said Brian the Brave.

"And I," said Percival the Pure; and they looked at each other in astonishment.

"I do not know the child's name," continued Gerald the Glad, "but as I was riding in the forest I heard some one singing the merriest song, and when I looked through the trees I saw a little boy bending under a heavy burden. I hastened to help him, but when I reached the spot he was gone. I should like to hear him sing again."

"I rode by the highway," said Sir Brian the Brave, "and I came suddenly upon a crowd of great, rough fellows, who were trying to torment a small black dog; and just as I saw them, a little boy ran up, as brave as a knight, and he took the dog in his arms, and covered it with his coat. The rest ran away when I rode up; but the child stayed, and told me his name — Gauvain."

"Why!" exclaimed Kenneth the Kind, "he is the boy who brings wood and water for Granny Slowsteps. I tarried all night at her cottage, and she told me of his kindness."

"I saw a lad at the spring near by," said Percival the Pure. "He hurried to fill his bucket, and some rude clown muddied the water as the

child reached down; but he spoke no angry words, and waited patiently till the water was clear again. I should like to find his home and see him there."

Now, Sir Tristram had waited to hear them all; but when Sir Percival had finished, he arose and cried:

"Come, and I will carry you to the child!" And when the knights followed him, he led them to the home where little Gauvain was working with his mother, as happy as a lark and as gentle as a dove.

It was noon-day, and the sun was shining brightly on the shields of the knights, and their plumes were waving in the breeze; and when they reached the gate, Sir Tristram blew a loud blast on a silver trumpet.

Then all the hens began to cackle, and the dog began to bark, and the horse began to neigh, and the pigs began to grunt, for they knew it was a great day. And little Gauvain and his mother ran out to see what the matter was.

When the knights saw Gauvain, they looked at each other, and every one cried out: "He is the child!" And Tristram the True said to the mother:

"Greeting to you! The king, our wise ruler, has sent us here to see your good child; for a good child is more precious than a kingdom. And the king offers him his love and favor if you will let him ride with us to live at the king's court and learn to be a knight."

Little Gauvain and his mother were greatly astonished that such a thing had happened; it seemed very wonderful and beautiful that the king should send messengers to little Gauvain. After the knights had repeated it though, they understood, and little Gauvain ran to his mother and put his arms around her; he knew that if he went with the knights he must leave her, and the mother knew that if she let him go she must live without him.

The rooster up on the fence crowed a very loud "Cock-a-doodle-do!" to let everybody know he belonged to little Gauvain, and a little chick, that had lost its mother, cried, "Peep, peep!" And when the mother heard this she answered the knights, and said:

"I cannot spare my good child from my home. The king's love is precious, but I love my child more than the whole world, and he is dearer to me than a thousand kingdoms."

Little Gauvain was so glad when he heard her answer that he looked again at the knights with a smiling face, and waved his hand to them as they rode away. All day and all night they rode, and it was the peep of day when they came to the king's highway. Then they rode slowly, for they were sad, because of their news; but the king rejoiced when he heard it, for he said: "Such a child, with such a mother, will grow into a knight at home."

The king's words were true, for when the king was an old, old man, Gauvain rode to his court and was knighted.

Gauvain had a beautiful name of his own then, for he was called "Gauvain the Good," and he was brave, happy, kind, pure, and true. And he was beloved by all the people in the world, but most of all by his mother.

MAUD LINDSAY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTURES

OCTOBER

No. I. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 347, 348, 349, 560.
II. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 353, 354, 355, 356.
III. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 377, 378, 379, 572.
IV. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 579, 609.
V. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 387, 612.

NOVEMBER

No. I. Perry Pictures, No. 1080.
II. Perry Pictures, Nos. 756, 757, 517.
III. Perry Pictures, No. 1339.
IV. Perry Pictures, Nos. 589, 579.
V. Perry Pictures, No. 579.

DECEMBER

No. I. Wilde's Bible Pictures, No. 386.
II. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 561, 350, 626.
III. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 414, 415.
IV. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14.
V. Picture (one not used the previous Sunday).

JANUARY

No. I. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.
II. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 20, 21, 22, 23, 459, 590.
III. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 25, 26, 27, 397, 28, 29, 432
IV. Wilde's Bible Pictures, No. 31.
V. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 398.

FEBRUARY

No. I. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 368, 369.
II. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 417, 471.
III. Wilde's Bible Pictures, No. 676.
IV. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 411, 412.
V. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 463, 477.

MARCH

No. I. Wilde's Bible Pictures, No. 664.
II. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 359, 360, 361, 362, 605, 363.
III. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 570, 371, 571.
IV. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 606, 372, 373, 375, 376.
V. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 476, 481, 468.

APRIL

No. I. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 345, 555.
II. Wilde's Bible Pictures, No. 553.
III. Perry Pictures, Nos. 9010, 9042, 9056.
IV. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 123, 534.
V. Perry Pictures, Nos. 9173, 9181, 9189, 9197.

MAY

No. I. Perry Pictures, No. 920.
II. Wilde's Bible Pictures, No. 478.
III. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 603.
IV. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 100, 101, 466.
V. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 116, 117, 440, 102.

JUNE

No. I. See January.
II. Wilde's Bible Pictures, Nos. 109, 110, 111, 97.
III. See February.
IV. See March.
V. Perry Pictures, No. 940.

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